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EDWARD C. PLUMMER

REMINISCENCES
OF
A YARMOUTH SCHOOLBOY

BY
EDWARD CLARENCE PLUMMER
YARMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL, 1881

*I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.*

—Longfellow.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I,	11
CHAPTER II,	19
CHAPTER III,	28
CHAPTER IV,	42
CHAPTER V,	62
CHAPTER VI,	75
CHAPTER VII,	98
CHAPTER VIII,	112
CHAPTER IX,	133
CHAPTER X,	155
CHAPTER XI,	173
CHAPTER XII,	197
CHAPTER XIII,	215
CHAPTER XIV,	226
CHAPTER XV,	243

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Facing page
EDWARD C. PLUMMER (Frontispiece)	
WALKER AND BLANCHARD YARDS—1864,	11
CRAIG'S SAW MILL—GRAIN MILL,	12
CYRUS F. SARGENT,	19
GILES LORING,	20
PAUL G. BLANCHARD,	30
DR. JAMES M. BATES,	32
DANIEL L. MITCHELL,	34
E. DUDLEY FREEMAN,	37
LORING YARD,	59
OLD WHITCOMB OR BLOCK HOUSE,	65
YARMOUTH'S FIRST CHURCH BUILDING,	70
UNION HALL (THE "OLD SLOOP"),	76
LORENZO L. SHAW,	81
DR. AUGUSTUS H. BURBANK,	82
NORTH YARMOUTH ACADEMY,	85
OLD COTTON MILL,	100
THE ORIGINAL PULP MILL,	106
SOLOMON H. PLUMMER,	113
SOLOMON H. PLUMMER'S YARMOUTH HOME,	114
RUTH B. PLUMMER,	118
CHILDREN IN THE PLUMMER FAMILY,	120

	Facing page
THERESA MERRILL,	122
PEREZ N. BLANCHARD,	141
EDWARD J. STUBBS,	155
WALTER B. ALLEN,	158
LYMAN WALKER,	160
GRAND TRUNK STATION AND LOCOMO- TIVE OF THE '70'S,	165
SHIP P. N. BLANCHARD UNDER JURY RIG,	168
S. S. MATANZAS,	211
S. S. MATANZAS,	212
RICHARD HARDING,	214
WILLIAM N. RICHARDS,	235
GREAT YARMOUTH, ENGLAND, . . .	238
HUTCHINS & STUBBS AND LORING YARDS,	242
BOWDOIN COLLEGE CAMPUS, 1887, .	244
RESIDENCE OF EDWARD C. PLUMMER, BATH,	246
EDWARD C. PLUMMER WHEN PAYMASTER IN UNITED STATES NAVY	248
PICTURE TAKEN AT A DINNER IN WASH- INGTON, JUNE 15, 1923,	250

INTRODUCTION.

The chief purpose of this little volume is to present a picture of Yarmouth as it was during my school days there; to call back upon the elm-shaded streets of this attractive village the figures of those, both old and young, who were part of its life when I was a boy; to bring within Fancy's vision those staunch old wharves as I saw them, with their facilities for the construction of six vessels at one time; to see again those sprawling heaps of crooked timbers contrasting so strikingly with imposing stacks of piled plank, and then, under the magic touch of our skillful artisans, whose several trades so harmoniously combined to a concert of blended sounds, watch these massive materials commingle until they became brigs, barques and full-rigged ships fit to challenge comparison with the best products of other yards.

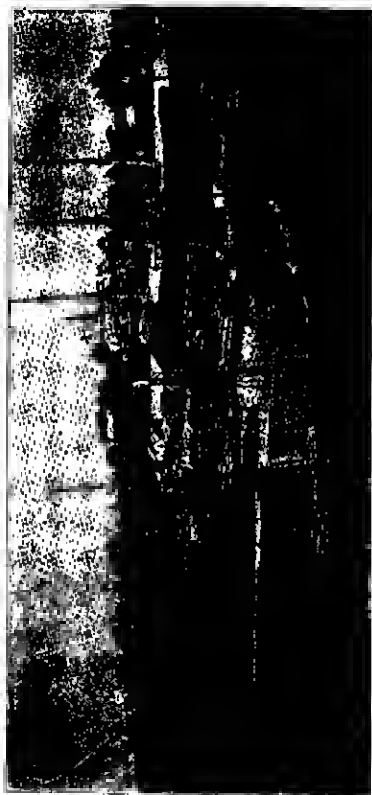
Of course no one boy could have an acquaintance equally comprehending all parts of the town. As a "Number Niner," it was inevitable that I should have more abundant memories of that part of the village than of other equally important and interesting sections.

Therefore to correct, so far as possible, this natural handicap of locality, I asked some who were residents of our village during the years with which these reminiscences principally deal, to contribute historical matter and other incidents which might help this book present a more composite scene. Their contributions have, I am sure, given an added interest to this volume. While appreciating fully the aid which thus has been given me, I wish particularly to acknowledge my indebtedness to Walter B. Allen and William Hutchinson Rowe for data and photographs which have a special value.

There has, of course, been a peculiar pleasure in re-living, though but for scattered hours, those days when the world I really knew lay largely within the limits of this town and revolved about that home where it seemed so natural that parents should assume all serious responsibilities, leaving us children free to dream of what years, then seemingly so distant, might have in store for us. But the very scenes of industrial life which fill the foreground of this memory picture emphasize, with saddening effect, the magnitude of changes which during the past half century have taken place in one of this nation's most important industries; for, aside from that temporary ex-

istence of government-owned and government-operated ships with which the public is familiar, Yarmouth's present shipping condition is, so far as international carrying is concerned, typical of that industry's condition nationally.

That changed conditions should take from Yarmouth's little harbor its fleet of foreign-going ships is only natural. But that there should be permitted conditions which make it impossible for successors of the Blanchards, Drinkwaters, Hardings, Humphreys, Loring, Marstons, Sargents and Yorks to take any merchant ship flying the flag of this greatest of all commercial nations out upon the ocean's international highways and live there is not only unnatural, but suggests possibilities which no really American student of history can contemplate with equanimity. The time will come again, and that in the not distant future, when our people will realize what neglect of merchant shipping means to the industries of the United States.



SHIP ELBORADO

SCHOONER MARGARET

SHIP DETROIT

WALKER AND BLANCHARD YARDS—1864

CHAPTER I.



THESE reminiscences of Yarmouth refer principally to that period when this always attractive village was enjoying the greatest prosperity which came to it in all its long-continued shipbuilding career; when in this special industry it had taken the lead from every other port in western Maine—the seventies.

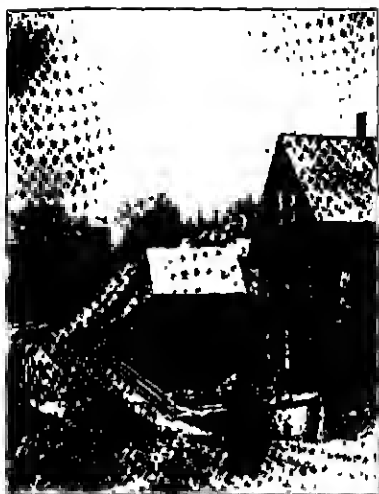
Half a century has passed since those summer days when, as a barefoot boy, I played about those busy wharves or, in a shallow skiff, ventured out on the smooth waters of this little landlocked harbor; but the picture of that water front as it then was, throbbing with life and sound, remains impressed upon memory's screen with a cameo distinctness that no flight of time can dim. This is what I then saw—what I now can see when I close my eyes and dream.

In Blanchard's yard, on Union Wharf, is the magnificent hull of what I hear men proudly say is one of the biggest ships ever built in the State of Maine. Near it, and a little west of Royall River bridge, is a barkentine approach-

ing completion under the eyes of Hutchins & Stubbs; while in that broad yard just east of the river, two brigs and a bark, in varying stages of construction, bear testimony to the business-getting abilities of "Master" Giles Loring.

Adjoining the easterly side of Loring's yard, straggling sheds, wide platforms and the weather-stained walls of a great rambling wooden building provide accommodations for the first important green corn cannery to be established in this State; while, still farther to the east, Gooding's brick yard is busy producing an output which goes by scows and schooners, not only to Portland, but often to Boston and New York.

In place of that steel structure now spanning the river is a wide wooden bridge whose massive timber stringers find support on two rude stone piers erected in the midst of that rocky channel, and each corner of this bridge touches a place of constant activity. At the northwest point, where the present power house stands, is Craig's sawmill, its ever busy machinery filling all the air with sound. Across the roadway, literally touching the extended bridge rail, is the general store of Richards & Seabury, one of those old-time emporiums of which it used to



CRAIG'S SAW MILL (CENTRE) GRAIN MILL AT RIGHT

be said that they carried in stock everything from calico to harnesses and grindstones. At its easterly end is the grain mill, always sending forth the subdued hum of those old-fashioned millstones for which great wagons, with huge blue bodies, come lumbering along this highway loaded with corn, brought by rail from the West and South, to be ground into meal for distribution throughout all this surrounding country; and in a portion of the basement of this same mill, Nicholas Grant and his sons have their factory for the production of tackle blocks and deadeyes, of which so many are required in the rigging of ships. On the harbor side of this bridge head is an unpainted three-story building, its basement used for the storage and turning of treenails and for the keeping of those chests of tools in which every good carpenter takes a special pride. The second floor of this building is given over to joiners, who are preparing that elaborate cabin finish for which all Maine vessels are famous; while the topmost story is a boarding house for such carpenters as come from distant places to assist Yarmouth mechanics in these busy plants.

On Central Wharf stands a great red warehouse, relic of those old days when so many West India craft brought their cargoes to every

sizeable port on the Maine coast for ox team distribution through the hinterland, ere railway transportation had supplanted such pioneer methods of handling commerce. Many boys of my time will recall the delight we took in making surreptitious entrances into those long disused lofts and, by an endless rope, turning the great wheel which operated a windlass that had so often hoisted to the upper floors hogsheds of molasses and other goods brought up from southern ports. The movement of that powerful machine which such little hands could control gave us a pleasure of which we never seemed to tire.

Near the northwest corner of Hutchins & Stubbs' yard is that great Lawrence wholesale store, a handsome structure, which the concentration of mercantile enterprises in large business centers has left without its original employment—a commercial bark stranded by the ebbing tide of changing trade conditions. On the wharf, near the rear of this empty store, is Sawyer's fish market, for fishermen then brought portions of their catch direct from the grounds to this busy port; and on Baker's Wharf, at the rear of Richards & Seabury's general store, is the great iron kettle in which lobstermen boil the victims of their traps to pre-

pare them for market, on which occasions any boy, who has the rare good fortune to possess five cents available for immediate transfer, can secure a good-sized lobster for his special delectation.

In each of these three shipyards stand smoke-stained blacksmith shops, where thousands of bolts are cut for the fasteners and tons of broad bar iron fashioned into massive mast caps, chain plates and other ship fittings. There are the three boiler sheds in which is produced a constant supply of hot steam for those elongated boxes in which fifty foot planks can be placed and "cooked" until they are sufficiently pliable to permit of being bent smoothly around the bluff bow, or twisted into a similarly perfect position along the run of the craft then receiving its outboard covering.

Near Stony Brook is a long, low-posted building, in which stout boats are being constructed for these and other yards, a place to which boys delight to resort after school hours; while between this boat shop and the Blanchard slip is a great three-story structure containing a mould loft, joiner shop, rigging loft and store-room space, all so essential for every large ship-building plant. Scattered about these yards, now deeply carpeted with chips cut during the

construction of vessels long since gone, upon the stages surrounding those hulls and upon the decks of vessels nearing completion, are scores of men busy at their several tasks. There is the *spar maker*, *shaping huge trunks of what* had once been great pine trees into masts that will challenge the strongest blows of the wind; in another place, skillful ax men are hewing into shape those long yellow pine plank that will sheathe the hardwood and hackmatack ribs of a bark that is soon to be; houses that are to become the homes of men who go down to the sea in ships are taking shape upon one of those decks; and painters, trusting themselves to such skeleton stages as the fasteners and joiners have left, are putting the finishing touches to a brig that is about to be given to the sea.

On all sides are heard the clink of the caulker's mallet, the clank of the blacksmith's sledge, the crack of the treenail driver's beetle, the clang of the fastener's maul; and from that yard where the painters are so busy comes the creak of great tackle blocks as, to the song of hardy riggers laboring at the windlass, the last of three great masts is being hoisted over the rail of a handsome barkentine. Mingling with all these sounds are the shouts of teamsters, as their slowly moving oxen drag into place huge

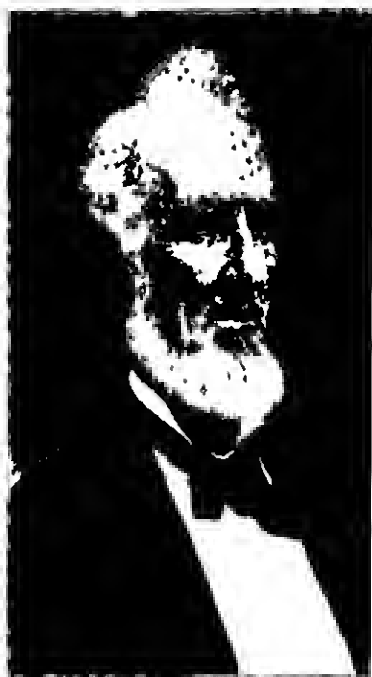
timbers that are to form the backbone of a brig whose giant ribs have just been put into position on its carefully blocked keel, or sway over the hackmatack tops massive deck beams that must develop strength to resist the merciless stress of wind and battering seas when this vessel shall have begun her journeys over the ocean's perilous highways.

All this water front is pulsing with vitality and productive activity. Here is the heart of Yarmouth's industrial life. Yet glancing up that beautiful valley through which the river makes its winding way out of the northwest to reach the sea, one notes, a third of a mile from the shore, the red brick walls of our Royall River cotton mill, whose employees are nearly all residents of this town; while in the farther distance, at the third waterfall from the sea, is a tall, smoke-plumed chimney rising from a rather imposing structure that contains the beginning of the Forest Paper Company's hopeful plant; and a little farther up stream, on the upper fall of this river, is Weston's machine shop, the only establishment of its kind between Portland and Brunswick.

All these industries help to furnish a home market for the farmers, of whom Yarmouth has many; and now the recently established corn

cannery is giving them yet another source of cash income, as well as employment, each green corn season, for quite a lot of men, women and children. So prosperity makes itself visible throughout the town. The people are well dressed; the houses are well painted and in good repair; neat "front yard" fences enclose clusters of shapely shrubs and beds of pretty flowers; a civic confidence seems to pervade the air. Yarmouth is successful. Yarmouth is confident. Yarmouth feels that it has come into its own.





CARL J. SARGENT

CHAPTER II.



HOSE glorious days in the history of Yarmouth's shipping were the natural result of two major influences; one a tenacious belief in the continuing life of that industry which had made this town one of the wealthiest places of its size in the State of Maine; the other an optimistic belief that the Congress, which indirectly and inadvertently, but nevertheless unquestionably, had by its actions burdened American shipping to the point where it could no longer resist the crushing competition of craft under foreign flags, would, having learned the truth, perform its obvious duty and put ships bearing the United States flag on an equality with those of other nations.

This confident belief was based largely on the fact that, in 1869, Congress had appointed a special committee to investigate the Merchant Marine problem of the United States. That committee had visited the important Atlantic ports. It had heard the greatest merchants and shipbuilders this country then had. It had been shown exactly what the condition of our

once great shipping industry was. It had been told what was necessary to restore American shipping in international service to its old-time prosperity.

That Congressional Committee had come to Maine; and among the people who had appeared before it were two of Yarmouth's shipping men, Cyrus F. Sargent and Giles Loring. They were practical men. They gave detailed information. Incidentally, questions by Congressmen brought out how widespread then were the interests involved in ordinary Maine shipbuilding. The following excerpt from the record made while "Master" Loring was before the committee shows how the people of Yarmouth contributed to the maintenance of this industry:

The Chairman. As a general thing, do those who build ships in your section retain an interest in the vessel?

Mr. Loring. As a general thing they do. That is the way I have worked. A captain comes to me sometimes with one-fourth and sometimes with one-half the cost of a vessel, and I have to look out to make up the difference. Sometimes I have one-fourth of it entered in my name; sometimes more, and sometimes not so much.

The Chairman. How many vessels are you interested in?

Mr. Loring. Only four.

The Chairman. How large a class of vessels are you owning?

Mr. Loring. The vessels I have built have been from four hundred to nine hundred tons.



GILES LORING

The Chairman. Is it the practice of shipmasters also to own parts of the vessel?

Mr. Loring. Yes, sir.

The Chairman. Then the ownership is divided between the shipbuilder, the shipmaster and the merchant who does the business?

Mr. Loring. Yes, sir; and as they say with us, 'all the parish.' Sometimes the joiner has an interest; sometimes the caulker, the blacksmith, the farmer and the trader. In fact, everything of that kind with us is brought into the shipping interest.

How deeply the members of this committee had been impressed by the indisputable data which all these men who knew shipping had presented to them is shown by the fact that while the committee was bi-partisan, consisting of four Republicans and three Democrats, party lines in no way affected the conclusions which the members of this committee drew from statements and figures presented to them. Their report was unanimous; and their report provided for an Act of Congress that should grant such aid to American shipping as would remove the handicaps which higher costs of construction and higher costs of operation had created.

With a case of such unchallengeable strength, with such a mass of indisputable evidence to support it, it seemed to Maine merchants and shipping men, as to so many other merchants and shipping men in other parts of the country,

that government aid certainly would come; and then, as always, so ready to live up to the motto of their State, the shipping men of Maine took time by the forelock and proceeded to the construction of fleets.

But this hoped-for legislation was not the only ground upon which the confidence of Yarmouth builders rested. From the earliest days of Maine's existence as a State, it had carried on a great trade with the West Indies. This trade had been disrupted during the Civil War, at which time a great number of Maine vessels, engaged in that business had been destroyed. With the return of peace, trade with these islands and with the ports of our southern States began to revive; so that while Blanchard Brothers were building their "tall ships" for service around the world, Giles Loring and Hutchins & Stubbs were building brigs, barks and schooners for the Caribbean and South Atlantic trade. At that time, railway communication in Cuba had not been developed to the point where a major portion of the island's products (chiefly molasses and sugars) could be concentrated in a few large ports. Steam lines had not then taken control; the cargoes were too scattered. Therefore, small vessels were the one kind of craft that could visit whatever

small harbors or inlets had plantations near enough to provide collectively a few hundred ton cargoes, and large foreign vessels, such as ordinarily engaged in ocean trade, could not "break into" this business. Accordingly, during the seventies, before changed methods of handling Cuba's great crops had come, Portland capitalists found small brigs and barks a good investment. They also found that Yarmouth-built vessels were reliable—the builders knew their business and Yarmouth carpenters were equal to the best in the country. They found Yarmouth contractors ready to prove their confidence in their own work by putting their own money into the craft they produced; and, therefore, men like Captain Jacob S. Winslow, one of the shrewdest and most successful shipping men Maine ever produced, came to this enterprising village for the craft into which they were putting so much of their own money, in order to make that money earn them some more. Benjamin Webster, George S. Hunt & Company and Perley Russell & Company were other Portland capitalists who recognized that Royall River vessels need ask no odds of any craft.

In the seventies, too, southern harbors had not been improved so that large vessels could

visit them with safety. Most of them suffered from obstructing bars off their entrances—bars which had materially increased in size during the Civil War and, because of what was at that time considered an enormous national debt and possibly for other reasons, Congress was not then spending much of the government's money in those particular localities. Therefore, that part of this country's coasting trade invited moderate sized vessels—all of which helped to create a building business for which Yarmouth could successfully compete.

How this town secured its full share of shipyard work is shown by the following list which has been corrected for me by the Department of Commerce, the names of the managing owners being inserted whenever they appear in the records now available in Washington, together with the fractional ownership which one had to assume in order to secure for himself the business of handling that vessel—a business which included keeping it in repair, securing cargoes for it and, in effect, using it, just as if he were the sole owner; for which services he received as compensation a commission on the freight money earned.

YARMOUTH BUILT VESSELS

Year	Name	Size	Tonn	Builder	Owner
1860	CHARLES FOREMAN	Bk.	538	Hutchins & Stubbs	P. R. 26 16/ 4/80 Portland
1870	SARAH E. FRASER	Shp.	500	Hutchins & Stubbs	P. R. 40 11/15/70 Portland
1870	RIVERSIDE	Sl.	76	Lyman F. Walker	7/84 Lyman F. Walker, Yarmouth
1870	M. D. SAWYER	Sl.	23	Lyman Walker	1/4 Solomon Sawyer, Yarmouth
1871	S. C. BLANCHARD	Shp.	1304	J. & J. A. Seabury	P. R. 111 6/13/71 Portland
1871	EVERETT GRAY	Bk.	522	Hutchins & Stubbs	P. R. 29 10/24/71 Portland
1872	FANNIE H. LORING	Bk.	460	Hutchins & Stubbs	P. R. 25 11/25/72 Portland
1872	LOUISA A. ORR	Sch.	480	Glass Loring	P. R. 26 11/30/73 Portland
1873	S. R. BRASCH	Bk.	697	Glass Loring	3/84 E. D. Laine, Yarmouth
1873	S. R. LYMAN	Bk.	286	J. & J. A. Seabury	3/84 P. N. Blanchard, Yarmouth
1873	GRACE DAVIS	Co.	400	Hutchins & Stubbs	1/76 Fritz H. Jordan, Portland
1873	HATTIE M. BAIN	Bg.	391	Hutchins & Stubbs	1/16 William Ross, Portland
1873	EDW. H. WILLIAMS	Bg.	343	Hutchins & Stubbs	2/82 Jacob S. Winslow, Portland
1873	ELIZABETH WINSLOW	Bg.	391	Hutchins & Stubbs	5/82 Jacob S. Winslow, Portland
1873	AILETTA L. HAMILTON	Sl.	97	Loreauo Hamilton	1/16 W. Ryan & S. B. Kasey, Portland
1873	GULL	Sl.	21	Albion Seabury	3/4 Solomon Sawyer, Yarmouth

Year	Name	Rtg	Tons	Business	Owners
1874	TWICKSBURY L. SWEAT	Bk.	650	Hutchins & Stubbs	7/84 Charles H. Chase, Portland
1874	HARRIET E. JACKSON	Bkn.	398	Hutchins & Stubbs	2/82 Wm. T. Bacon, Portland
1874	HENRY P. DEWEY	Bg.	488	Giles Loring	8/82 J. R. Winlow, Portland
1874	JENNIE PHINNEY	Bg.	438	Giles Loring	6/82 J. S. Winlow, Portland
1874	ELIZA MORTON	Bg.	438	Giles Loring	8/82 J. S. Winlow, Portland
1874	FANNIE B. TUCKER	Bg.	409	Giles Loring	2/82 Jacob B. Winlow, Portland
1874	C. F. SARGENT	Shp.	1704	Albert Seabury	1/8 C. F. Sargent, Yarmouth
1874	CHARLES J. WILLARD	Sc.	416	Lyman Walker	2/84 E. G. Willard, Portland
1876	SARAH M. LORING	Bk.	488	Giles Loring	1/82
1876	ADMIRAL	Shp.	2209	J. & J. A. Seabury	22/84 S. C. Blanchard, Yarmouth
1876	P. N. BLANCHARD	Shp.	1682	J. & J. A. Seabury	9/82 S. C. Blanchard, Boston
1876	LYONUS	Bk.	851	Hutchins & Stubbs	6/82 Benj. Webster, Portland
1876	ADA L. WHITE	Bg.	604	Giles Loring	3/82 H. P. Dewey, Portland
1877	SCREAMER	Bg.	829	Hutchins & Stubbs	6/84 James Balo, Portland
1877	GEORGE A. WRIGHT	Bk.	822	Giles Loring	6/82 Benj. Webster, Portland
1878	EDW. L. MAYBERRY	Bk.	656	Giles Loring	12/84 E. M. Knight, Portland
1878	CHARLES LORING	Bk.	652	Giles Loring	12/84
1879	COMMODORE	Shp.	1879	J. & J. A. Seabury	82/84 S. C. Blanchard, Boston
1879	CHARLES G. RICE	Bk.	715	Hutchins & Stubbs	4/84 James Baim, Portland
1882	WOLVERTON	Bkn.	653	Hutchins & Stubbs	9/84 Fritz H. Jordan, Portland
1882	WILLIAM H. HIGGINS	Sh.	898	Giles Loring	4/84 Benj. Jones, Wellfleet, Mass.

Year	Name	Age	Tons	Students	Oversees
1883	LOUIS ANDREWS	Bkn.	673	Giles Loring	8/83 Edgar Orr, Portland
1883	LLOYD A. DAVIS	Sch.	626	Hutchins & Stubbs	8/84 John W. Davis, Deerling
1883	MATTHEW J. ALLEN	Sch.	329	Hutchins & Stubbs	4/83 Geo. H. Crockett, Portland
1883	ONAWAY	Bk.	983	Loring, Cobb & Chadsey	8/82 Benj. Webster, Portland
1883	RIVAL	Sl.	28		1/2 Chas. A. Brown, Yarmouth
1884	ETHEL M. DAVIS	Sch.	305	Giles Loring	8/84 Horace F. Davis, Cape Elizabeth
1884	ARQUA AND AMELIA	Sch.	250	Loring & Cobb	4/84 Horace M. Sargent, Portland
1884	JAMES ROTHWELL	Sch.	498	Hutchins & Stubbs	1/82 Oliver C. Lumbert, Portland, Me.

CHAPTER III.



IN those days preceding the great Civil War, the calling of a shipmaster tended inevitably to develop self-reliance, resourcefulness and good judgment; for those were the days before cables enabled shipowners to keep captains within reach of their every word. Then, when a ship had sailed on its prescribed voyage, its owner was compelled to trust largely to the intelligence and experience of the man he had put in command. True, he and the captain would have discussed the port for which the ship was sailing, the prospects of securing another cargo there, the alternatives of different ports to which the vessel might proceed if disappointed in her hope of finding other freight where her first load was discharged, the necessity of taking cargoes to some ports other than those of the United States, possible freight rates, etc., etc. But when all these preliminary consultations had been held and the vessel had reached the destination for which her first cargo called, it was envitable that in many cases unforeseen circumstances should occur,

which oftentimes made it necessary for the master to originate plans of his own, and, at times, even to violate explicit orders from his owners.

It was when such emergencies as these arose that the real stuff of which the captain was made showed itself; and the ability to judge, the courage to dare and the power to work out details for himself were the elements which differentiated between the men who at fifty years of age were able to retire from the sea and take a position among the wealthy leisure class of their home towns, and those who never reached such retirement, but to the end kept jogging up and down the ocean highways, earning a livelihood and nothing more.

In the seventies, Yarmouth had a number of those captains who, in the never-to-be-forgotten clipper ship days, had plowed all quarters of the seven seas to come back at last with success won by their own efforts. Association with such strong men inevitably reflects itself in the character of their daily companions, and thus the village of Yarmouth came to possess its full share of such men as give civic strength to a town. Let me recall some of those citizens who, half a century ago, made the deepest impressions on a certain small boy's mind.

Dignified Captain Paul Blanchard heads the list. He was recognized as the richest man in town. He had begun life in the fore-castle, had won his way to the quarter-deck, had traded in all the great ports of the world, and at what I now recognize was a period but little past the prime of life, he had retired from the sea and with his brothers joined in the building of great ships. As characteristic of his enterprise and disposition to keep abreast of the times, I may refer to the fact that his was the firm which put the first iron masts into an American-built ship—an innovation that caused many a veteran mariner to sadly shake his head. His name necessarily recalls that of Captain Nathaniel Blanchard, his brother, a man of less reserved nature, an individual who possessed that wonderful faculty of always seeming to remain young; one whose fine horses and always shining carriages were such as feared no comparison with any equipage to be found elsewhere in the State. He, too, had won success on the seas and had transmitted to his son and namesake that love for the ocean and that ability to handle sailing craft which had characterized his own successful career. Another brother, Sylvanus Blanchard, whose home for many years was in Boston, where he repre-



P.W. C. DUNNARD

sented the interests of this Blanchard firm, was the third member of "Blanchard Brothers," a shipping house known almost as well in Liverpool and Hongkong as in Boston and New York.

Another man whose quiet life meant much to this village was Barnabas Freeman. He had been a successful lawyer, but as an elderly man had retired from active practice and given his attention to business affairs. Forming a partnership with Lorenzo L. Shaw, he had become the senior member of that firm which took over and developed the Royall River cotton mill, so that it then and for many subsequent years held its position in Yarmouth as an industry second in importance only to shipbuilding. He was a trustee of the North Yarmouth Academy, as also of Bowdoin College, and all his life devoted much effort to giving Yarmouth the high standing in educational affairs which it held for so many years. He was one of the strong churchmen of the town, and of him it could be said with unqualified truth that he was "a good citizen."

His "next door" neighbor was Doctor James M. Bates. Probably no physician ever had a more devoted clientele of patrons than Doctor Bates. Choosing to follow the profession of his father, he had received a thorough medical

education. When the Civil War came on he promptly volunteered, and during those years of incessant labor, combatting disease and effects of wounds, developed his great natural abilities in a way that placed him in the front rank of medical practitioners in Maine. His kindly, sympathetic nature aided his great medical skill in winning for him the confidence of his patients; and so long as "Doctor Bates" was in attendance, no sick room ever became clouded with gloom. He, too, was a great friend of Yarmouth's schools, and with Leonard Williams, Captain Richard Harding, Daniel Mitchell, Dr. Burbank and others, assisted in securing for this village one of the first free high schools authorized under the statutes of this State. His wife, Hester A. R. (nee Sawtelle), was a lady whom I particularly recall as one of the most active supporters of our Central Church.

"Master" Giles Loring was an individual to whom may properly be applied the term "self-made man"—and he never had occasion to apologize for the results of his labors in that respect. Beginning life as a youth who had nothing but his bare hands and a will to succeed, he entered a shipyard, soon became an apprentice carpenter, and when his time had been served became successively journeyman,



DR. JAMES M. BATES

foreman, master builder, and in 1854 began his career as a builder of ships on his own account. Honesty of workmanship soon gave him an enviable reputation; and whenever ships were being built anywhere, it was a certainty that Master Giles Loring would be one of those to secure a share of that work. Financial reverses came into his later years, but that indomitable spirit remained unchanged to the end.

Daniel L. Mitchell was one of our "Number Nine" citizens, whom everybody knew and respected. He was born in Yarmouth, on January 22, 1819, and lived in that town practically all his long life, excepting during the seasons when, as a young man, he was teaching school in Edgcomb and Newcastle, Maine.

He fitted for Bowdoin College at the old North Yarmouth Academy, but the death of his father interrupted his college course. He studied law and practiced for some years. For eight years, he held a position with the Supreme Court at Portland. Upon the death of Charles Humphrey, he became trial justice for Yarmouth, and many a case was held in the big kitchen of his old-fashioned house. For many years, he served as selectman and was supervisor of schools. I recall him as one of the examiners before whom I had to pass when seeking admis-

sion to our high school. He was collector of taxes so many years that it almost seemed as if that office could be filled by no other man. In those days the collection of taxes was awarded to bidders, and one time the bidding was so spirited that he finally took the job at a commission of four mills, his revenue that year from this office being insufficient to pay his own taxes.

He died on June 29, 1886, his wife surviving him thirty-eight years, and living with her daughter, Ida, in the same house to which she had come as a bride.

Leonard Williams was not only a strong champion of our free high school and influential in bringing about its establishment, but his interest in this educational movement had been, and continued to be, state-wide.

When a young man, he came from the town of Turner to Yarmouth, where ever after he had his home. He built a house on Elm Street in what was then a sparsely settled part of town. His lot ran through to Baker Street, then hut a ribbon road, and he set out a double row of maple trees on three sides of this area, besides planting many elm, cedar and apple trees. These trees grew so luxuriantly that they eventually obcured the house and it



DANIEL L. MITCHELL

became necessary to cut out fully one-half of them. The double row of maples on Cumberland Street was a noticeable feature of the place. Mr. Williams loved his home and spent all his spare time working about these grounds or in his garden. This house has, ever since its erection, been occupied by some member of his family.

In the early seventies, Mr. Williams became the senior partner of the firm of Williams & Pulsifer, wholesale grocers, with a store on Commercial Street, Portland. He and Mr. Irving True were the first two Yarmouth citizens to commute daily to and from Portland over the Grand Trunk. He continued active in business until his sudden death in 1885. Mr. Williams was always deeply interested in the welfare of Yarmouth and his influence was ever to be relied upon for the advancement of any cause looking to municipal improvement. He was a constant attendant at the Universalist chapel until it was abandoned as a place of worship. He was a Mason, a member of Casco Lodge. His first wife, Olive B. Humphrey, died in 1862. His second wife, Mary Abbie Pratt, survived him many years, dying in 1917.

Of Mr. Williams' three children, Mrs. John W. Leodby, a member of the junior class when

I entered high school, died in 1909. His second daughter, Mrs. George E. Bird, who inherited so much of her father's interest in all matters pertaining to the town's welfare, and his son, Mark A. Williams, still reside in this home town. Mrs. Bird fitted for college in the high school class of which I was a member, and she graduated from Wellesley with high honors in 1885.

Captain Joseph R. Curtis was another son of Yarmouth, who took to the sea when a mere youth, won steady advancement and for thirty-five years was a successful shipmaster, carrying the American flag to all great seaports of the world. It was while still engaged in his chosen profession that he died in Cardiff, Wales, March 3, 1873.

Although, by the nature of his calling, Captain Curtis was absent from Yarmouth a great part of his time, he nevertheless was active in school affairs, serving two years as a member of the school board, and he found time to serve two years as first selectman. His wife was Louisa J. Sumner, and one of their children, Eliza A. T. Curtis, was a member of my high school class—a member whose jollity and energy made her a very popular pupil. In 1887, she married



E. DEER BROWN

Mr. Luther Hyde. Her death occurred July 8, 1924.

The other children of Captain Curtis were Oceana H. Curtis (Mrs. Thomas B. McWattie), Josephine R. Curtis (Mrs. Warren W. Pullen), Mary O. Curtis (Mrs. Edward Raynes), William R. Curtis and A. Louis Curtis.

Captain Curtis was a member of Casco Lodge of Free Masons and of the Royal Arch Chapter.

E. Dudley Freeman, having prepared for college in our North Yarmouth Academy, graduated from Amherst in 1875, ranking among the leaders of his class. He then took up the study of law and later established himself in that profession with offices in Portland. His engaging personality attracted attention, and he was elected to serve in the State Senate from 1889 to 1891. From 1895 to 1898 he was a member of the Governor's Council.

For twenty years he was a trustee of the North Yarmouth Academy, for three years a member of its standing committee, and for thirteen years its treasurer, succeeding his father, Barnabas Freeman, in 1894.

One of the local business enterprises which he developed was a granite quarry.

The tragedy of his untimely death will be readily recalled. He was a passenger on the

steamer *Portland* when she sailed from Boston for her Maine port in November, 1898, and was lost with all on board. It will be remembered that not even a piece of her wreckage ever came ashore. The cause of this disaster has never been fully determined, but it is known that one of the big Morse schooners, laden with coal, was in Massachusetts Bay the night the *Portland* was lost. She, too, disappeared and left no trace. It has been assumed that in the blinding snow storm which had come on with the night, this schooner, driven by the gale, plunged into and upon the *Portland*, and that these two hulls, mutually crushed by the impact, filled with water and were carried to the bottom by that cargo of coal. Mr. Freeman's body was one of those to be finally washed ashore on the Cape.

The high character and marked abilities of this loyal son of Yarmouth had already carried him so far that we may well believe he would have reflected still further luster on his native town had he not been cut off in the prime of life.

Mr. Gad Hitchcock, whose father had been one of our academy's trustees, was another citizen of Yarmouth actively associated with ship-building during the seventies. His paint shop, opposite Hutchins & Stubbs' yard, in which was polished and brought to that state of perfection

for which all Maine's first-class ships then were famous, the cabin finish of so many Yarmouth-built craft, had a special interest for some of us favored boys during my high school days; for Mr. Hitchcock's second son, Maurice, had become possessed of two sets of boxing gloves, and in the upper story of this paint shop building we were privileged to enjoy, or endure, as the case might be, the use of these exercising implements. Maurice was our instructor, and we always enjoyed his treatment; but when two pupils undertook to demonstrate their pugilistic skill upon each other, the care which characterized the actions of Maurice was too often absent.

George W. Titcomb and Norman Grant were two young men whose activities in this line of pleasure remain vividly impressed upon my mind.

Mr. Hitchcock's two other sons, Thomas and Charles, as also his daughter, Lavinia, were schoolmates of mine at our high school; and for one year, Miss Lavinia was an assistant to the principal there.

Mr. Hitchcock's eldest son, George Angier, now a resident of Iona City, Iowa, had completed his education in Yarmouth's schools before my high school days.

One of Yarmouth's successful shipmasters,

whose connection with maritime affairs and his position as secretary of the Portland Marine Society often brought me in contact with him after I had begun the practice of admiralty law, was Captain John H. Humphrey.

My earliest recollections of this gentleman are associated with the Central Church, where I clearly recall him, with that always pleasant countenance, stepping down the center aisle as he escorted his wife and two pretty little girls, whose tasteful costumes always were so attractive, into their pew every Sunday morning he was home from sea.

As a youth, Captain Humphrey had become a sailor. This was in 1854. Then for some years his was the regular story of those old days—hard work and small wages. An interesting coincidence is that the first command he secured was of the Yarmouth-built *Ceres*, upon which at intervals he had served as foremast hand and then as mate.

Another unusual experience was his after he had taken command of the ship *Alice Kennard* in 1867; for after leaving Baltimore that year he continued sailing this vessel in foreign trade for seven years without once coming back to the United States. That was in the days when

a shipmaster had to have good business judgment and was allowed to use it.

While in this ship Captain Humphrey fell in with the Spanish bark *Mathilda*, which was on fire. He rescued the crew, though it was impossible to save the vessel. Then he discovered that this bark from which he had just taken the crew was originally named the *Sunrise* and had been built in Yarmouth in the same yard from which the rescuing ship, *Alice Kennard*, had subsequently been launched.

Captain Humphrey retired from the sea in 1884, but, as above indicated, he continued active in marine affairs to the end of his days, often being called as an expert witness in important admiralty suits.

CHAPTER IV.



WHILE people who have become accustomed to seeing those great freight and passenger steam vessels, which the adaptation of steel to shipbuilding has made possible for the present generation, may be inclined to look with something very like contempt on the bulk of those craft which Yarmouth produced during its post-Civil War activities, they need only investigate United States maritime history to learn that this village was then, as always from the time it began seriously devoting attention to shipbuilding, holding its own with all competitors. Comparatively small craft had made up the bulk of our merchant fleets prior to the appearance of steam and the beginning of the clipper era.

The first vessel built in the New World was the *Virginia* of but thirty tons. She was constructed by Popham colonists in what is now the town of Phippsburg, near the mouth of the Kennebec River, in 1607; and the records show that this craft made at least two voyages to

England. The first vessel built by the Pilgrim Fathers, after they had become prosperous enough to themselves supply their needs for a reliable service between Plymouth and the Old World, was a bark of but fifty tons. The American steamship *Leviathan* is more than a thousand times as large as this one-time pride of the Mayflower's colony.

Following the Revolutionary War, American mariners ventured around the Cape of Good Hope to China in craft of from seventy-five to one hundred fifty tons; and the Boston ship *Columbia*, which in 1788 rounded Cape Horn and incidentally discovered the great river to which it gave its name, thus laying a foundation for this country's claim to ownership of all that vast Oregon territory, was but eighty-three feet long, with a measurement of two hundred twelve tons; while her consort on this perilous voyage, which eventually covered forty-one thousand miles of sailing, was the sloop *Lady Washington* of but ninety tons.

There is now in the basement of the Plymouth (Mass.) Museum the lower section of that ship *Sparrow Hawk*, which was wrecked on the shores of Cape Cod in 1627, was buried there in deep sands for more than two centuries to be finally uncovered by another terrific gale and

thus restored to mortal sight; and the fact that this vessel could be set up in a house cellar helps those who have never looked upon this little craft to realize the sort of vessels in which our venturesome ancestors regularly defied the stormy Atlantic. This knowledge of what was being done during the early days of settlements in the New World makes easy a belief in those traditions which credit the hardy Norsemen, who had developed for themselves the most wonderful seaworthy craft the world then knew, with successful voyages to the coasts of Labrador and New England.

From those days when the colonists, who had chosen the Western Hemisphere for their new home, began to show Europe something of their real capabilities, Massachusetts had taken the lead as a shipbuilding province; and that part of these scattered settlements known as the District of Maine did its full share to help the mother state retain its ranking position. This was but natural. Maine had a seacoast which, by reason of its many indentations, almost equalled in extent the remainder of the North Atlantic shore. All timbers then required for shipbuilding, from oak and hardwood trees for frames and plank, to pine for spars and decks, were at hand in abundance. Numerous har-

bors, some of them, like Yarmouth, favored with water power for mills that could saw those tree trunks into sizes and shapes to meet the shipwrights' requirements, furnished inviting spots for shipbuilding, resulting in the incidental development of ship management and the creation of a shipping port; so it was not at all surprising, indeed it was perfectly natural, that when Maine severed her old relationship with Massachusetts and added one more star to the United States flag, the two figures chosen to take their places on the great seal of the State, as emblematic of its then leading industries, were the sailor and the farmer.

Even as late as the "forties," Maine supplied a large part of the material from which all but the largest ships were constructed. An experienced ship foreman, acquainted with the needs of his craft, would take a crew of men into the woods and select such bent or crooked trees as his trained eye told him could be hewn to a shape that would meet the requirements of a ship frame's curves. Hackmatack roots, suitable for knees, were chosen in the same way. Then these logs and crooked stumps were hauled to the shipyard, where ax men would hew them into shape. In the Albion Seabury shipyard, near Knight's landing, some of the

rotted bed logs of which were visible within my time, and in the Jere Baker yard, which later had a renewed life under the control of Giles Loring, this preliminary work of taking round logs and crooked roots, just as they were after being cut into lengths and hawing them into usable shapes, was done. One of the reasons why that "rangy" building, which later became the sweet corn cannery of J. Winalow Jones, was made so large was that in stormy weather carpenters driven from the open yards by rain or snow might there pursue their work of "beating" such logs into shape and thus expedite the ship construction work then on hand.

With the increased size of timbers required for larger ships, and the greater distances it became necessary to go in order to find such trees as would furnish the shapes and dimensions needed, it became uneconomical to haul so much waste material long distances. Accordingly, crews went into the woods with "moulds," which were light wooden patternes showing the exact shapes required. The tree trunks selected were marked according to the curves of these moulds, properly squared and sent out of the woods all ready for the framing stage.

Still the search for more economical freight

carrying on the water, through increasing the cargo capacity of ships, caused larger and larger hulls to be built, with the consequent necessity of seeking forests where the largest trees were to be found, until, for ships such as the Blanchards built, it was necessary to call on Virginia for live oak frames; while the magnificent lengths of straight-grained "southern" (yellow) pine, produced in South Atlantic States, became recognized as far superior to any other material for keelsons, ceilings, deck beams and plank, and as essential for the building of all sizes of ocean-going vessels. Therefore lumber schooners, bringing into port cargoes of this material, came to be recognized as the necessary precursors of ships that were to be.

As no vessel has stood on Yarmouth stocks since the present generation appeared, it may be well to review the processes involved in that shipbuilding art with which the old men of this village are so familiar.

Having selected a site touching on tide water and roomy enough to accommodate all necessary material, the shipbuilder erected a bulkhead of logs or timber, behind which a filling was made until its surface was above that point reached by the highest tide. Then that part of the ground on which the ship was to be built was

graded with such a slope toward the bulkhead or water side of this yard as to insure that the vessel would, by force of gravity alone, glide down into the harbor when launching day came. Since it manifestly would be dangerous to "jump" a great vessel off the edge of a wharf, that part of the bulkhead over which the craft otherwise would pass was cut away and a "slip" thus made, so that the end of the keel when "laid" was nearly on a level with the water. Then, for the support of the ship, great logs, "fared" on the upper side, were set in the ground "flat on their backs" transversely to the proposed keel line. They were placed six or eight feet apart. Upon the middle of these bed logs blockings were built so as to bring the keel, when laid, to such a height as would permit men to work under and upon the vessel's bottom with reasonable comfort. Then the keel was "stretched," the stern frame erected and the process of square-framing begun. As those roughly hewn timbers which had been shaped in the woods, each one with marks carved into it indicating exactly where it was to go, were "twitched" upon the framing stage, expert workmen placed them in the exact position required as indicated by the curved moulds, sawed their ends so as to make adjoining pieces meet

fairly, the timbers of the top layer breaking joints with the lower tier so that when securely fastened together by stout oaken treenails they formed an inverted arch so strong that after it had been slipped down along the keel to its proper location and hoisted into a position which would be perpendicular but for the slight inclination toward the sea required by the grade on which the keel was laid, it stood like a huge V or U according as it was near either end or in the middle of this embryo hull; and "shores," resting on the outer ends of those bed logs, took on themselves a full share of weight, so that there might be no settling of timbers with consequent alteration of curves while the frames were waiting for the ceiling's strengthening support.

"Ribbands," *i. e.*, temporary strips of plank, were spiked along the sides of these frames to hold them in line until the ceiling had made any change in their position or shape impossible. Then, through a great square "port" or hole cut in a section of midship frames at the bilge, hard pine timbers thirty or forty feet long and a foot or more square were dragged by a "whip," at the outer end of which was a yoke of oxen, into that skeleton hull to furnish a great backbone called a "keelson," the same being secured

by six-foot bolts driven through frames and keel and supported on either side by smaller strong-backs called "sister keelsons," bolted to it and to the frames.

Heavy planks, which, when all in place, collectively constituted the ceiling, then were fastened to the inner surfaces of these frames until the hull had been completely lined; the inside covering differing from the outside covering, later put on, principally in being much heavier and secured by iron bolts instead of by wooden treenails. Where the deck beams were to rest very thick plank, called "clamps," were placed, valuable not only for supporting purposes but because they also served as the upper members of a truss, which, in effect, the hull of a ship is. Then an artisan, specially skilled in this particular branch of work, went over the outside faces of those frames, now rigidly held in place by the ceiling, and, with an adz, smoothed away the outside faces of those ribs, or timbers, until they collectively showed a surface conforming to the lines of the model which had been selected by those for whom the craft was being built as having the shape, or lines, most satisfactory to them; and the fact that every curve, however delicate or slight, and every dimension, can be with absolute accuracy transferred from

a five-foot model to a five-hundred-foot ship is one of the marvels of shipbuilding craft.

This finisher of the frames' outboard surfaces is closely followed by the "plankers"—in those days the highest paid workmen in the yard. And there was a reason. Only strong men, quick of eye and hand, could retain a place in that gang. Covering the curves at either end of the ship was gruelling work. Plank must be twisted as well as bent. There comes the cry, "*Hot plank.*" This call means that a great, hard pine timber, which has been cooking in the steam box until its stiff grains have become somewhat pliable, is ready to be lugged on men's shoulders part way up an inclined wooden runway or "brow stage," passed over on to the stage which has been erected around the sides of the vessel at an elevation constantly increasing as the covering of the ship progresses upwards, "keeping clear" of those many tall uprights which reach to the top of the craft and support all those successive outboard stages, and into position forward or aft, where, by the aid of ring bolts and staffs, backed by screws and wedges, it is to be bent and twisted until its inner surface comes into complete contact with that portion of the great ribs it has been shaped to cover. To carry this heavy piece of timber,

exuding steam as it is hauled from that "oven," up to and over those loose plank stagings, when the hot wood makes it necessary for men repeatedly to "duck" their heads under the stick in order to shift the blistering burden from one shoulder to the other, required a double force of men, and the cry, "*Hot plank*," meant that half a dozen carpenters, who chanced to be working near at hand when this call came, must drop their tools and join the plankers in this most arduous part of their work.

Right on the heels of the plank workers come the "fasteners," permanently securing these plank in place by great wooden pins called tree-nails—locust below the water line, oak above.

Last of all come the caulkers, "outboard" joiners and painters. Meanwhile the decks are laid, cabin and forecastle built, rails, pumps, windlass gear, etc., placed, and masts "stepped." Then come preparations for launching.

Here again the bed logs, which by keel blocks and shores have carried the constantly increasing weight of vessel to this time, performed another service. Upon them, eight or ten feet from either side of the keel, were placed firm blockings to support massive smooth timbers, which, joined end to end, in effect became a long track extending beyond the wharf front.

These "ways" belonged to that important list of things which improve with age, because the more they are used the more completely they become impregnated with grease, and grease is about the most essential element there is in the making of a successful launch.

When this "track" had been completed and everything else was in readiness, a great quantity of "beef tallow" was melted and poured or spread upon the top of these ways until they were thickly coated. To this covering of grease sliced soap and a liberal supply of flaxseed were added, to insure the retention in place of the bulk of that lubricant until the full weight of the ship had come upon it. Then other great timbers, similar in size to those composing the "track," but having stout flanges along their inside edges to prevent any sidewise movement as the craft glided into the water, were slipped under the vessel and carefully put in just the right position on the greased ways. Above the tops of these upper timbers, or "slides," as they were called, long strips of plank or boards were fitted until there was a solid mass of "filling-in" wood between the top of the slides and the bottom of the vessel. Beneath the upper tier of planks, next the vessel's bottom, wooden wedges were inserted close together, so that when they

were driven home a large part of the weight of the vessel would have been taken up by the "carriage," as this structure consisting of slides and superimposed material was called, and there could be no opportunity for any material settling of the great hull when the blocks, which had been carrying so much burden from the time construction work was begun, were split from under the keel.

Usually a day during the highest run of tides was chosen for launchings, that there might be the least possible drop for the vessel when leaving the yard. About half an hour before high water, the order would be given, "Wedge up," and then came those sounds described in Longfellow's "Launching of a Ship," but not quite correctly presented there. "The sound of hammers, blow on blow," was in fact the sound of mauls, trunnel beetles, blacksmith sledges and even axes employed in driving home the several hundred wedges required to bring the top of that cradle hard up against the bottom of the ship. Anyone caught "knocking away the shores and spurs" before "wedging up" had been finished would have had lots of trouble, not only with the shores but with the yard boss. After "wedging up" had been accomplished, there really did come a mixture of two sounds

—the sounds of beetles and mauls “knocking away the shores and spurs”; but such blows were as nothing compared to the sharp “clink, clink, clink,” of steel-faced mauls with which the most expert carpenters in the yard were splitting away those blocks upon which the keel has rested so long. As frequently the weight of the vessel had caused these heavy blocks to indent themselves into the bottom of the keel to a distance of more than a quarter of an inch, the only method by which they could be removed was by splitting them in pieces; and the experienced carpenter knew how to do this in the shortest possible time. This was his method: The upper forward corner of the block first was split away. The after corner followed. The forward lower corner then went, to be followed by the lower after corner. Then an attempt was made to drive the block sideways from its berth. If it would not move, the carpenter on the starboard side split away the central portion of the block forward, and the carpenter on the port side split away the corresponding piece aft; then another section of the remaining upper corner forward was split away, the after side was similarly treated, until the block was finally so reduced that it could be knocked out of the way. A dozen pairs of men, each pair working

at a single hock, and moving to the head of the line as soon as the block upon which they had been laboring was finished, made rapid progress; and soon that crowd of interested observers, who always were present on such occasions, could see that pair of men in the lead fixing their wedges into one of the last remaining blocks.

Usually before the last few blocks had been reached, the weight of the vessel, which by that time had been largely transferred to the "carriage," then resting heavily upon the greasy tops of those inclined ways, caused the craft to start on its trip into the water.

Incidentally, and to encourage a prompt start of the craft, workmen, long before the time of high tide, had placed at the shore end of the keel a stout piece of timber resting on solid plank foundations and set with its top braced tightly against the keel but leaning toward the water. Then all the blocks in the slip, which at high tide would be nearly covered, had been split away, so that as the vessel settled on the ways the weight upon this inclined timber constantly increased, and its push toward the water became correspondingly strong.

Finally, when nearly all the men working under the ship had arrived so near the bow as to

be visible at their work, and wedges were being fixed in the last remaining blocks, there generally would come a cracking sound of crushed wood, which meant that the vessel had started down the ways and that the square blocks then remaining under her keel, being unable to slide, were being crushed by the tremendous weight and strain put upon them. Immediately such carpenters as were under the vessel at that time sprang into the clear; for while such care is taken in setting up ways that there is practically no danger of their spreading, yet, just as the tracks of railroads sometimes spread, so there have been exceptional cases where the movement of the vessel, as she took the water, caused a midship section of the ways to bulge outward, causing the closing of those track timbers at the end. I have learned of two instances where fatalities resulted from such an accident.

As soon as the vessel was seen to be safely in the water, workmen jumped into boats which were ready at hand and began gathering up the great amount of material which had formed her cradle and which, as soon as she was safely afloat, came to the surface. Small stuff was put into the boats, large stuff was towed to the wharf and the always useful oxen hauled it and the slides back into the yard. Then, whatever

the time of day, though it might be only the middle of the forenoon, carpenters were allowed to "knock off" work and go home, entitled to an entire day's pay.

Another little perquisite was the iron wedges which those men, who had used them in splitting out blocks, were allowed to keep for themselves—and some carpenters had a great many of these metal trophies.

Those were the days when anchors on all but the larger class of merchant vessels had to be hoisted by hand windlasses. Therefore anchors were not dropped except when it was absolutely necessary.

Accordingly when such vessels were launched it was customary to make fast hawsers to some strong piling or to big trees on shore, doubling the hawser into tightly lashed loops or bights which would pull free, one after another, as the strain approached the full strength of the cable, and by their progressive checks slow down the movement of the vessel after she had left the launching ways until it was possible for the sailor at the bitts to snub and finally bring the craft to a full stop. Then the hawser was taken to the capstan and the craft warped back to her wharf. But, as a matter of precaution on such occasions, one of the ship's big anchors always



LORING YARD IN FOREGROUND

was carried at the cathead, with a sufficient amount of chain "ranged" (that is, hauled over the windlass in a sufficient amount to permit the anchor to reach bottom at once), so that in case the hawsers parted and the ship went adrift this anchor could be used instantly and the wayward vessel held by her regular ground tackle.

Now it happened one day that a vessel launched from Master Loring's yard took the water at an unusual rate of speed. Whether it was that an exceptional quality and quantity of grease had been put upon the ways down which she was to slip into the water, or that the slides under her had been so adjusted as to avoid all side friction, or that weather conditions were such as to make a quick glide into the harbor the one thing that this craft felt best able to do at this particular time, the historic fact is that this particular vessel left her yard at such a speed that she broke all her restraining hawsers and started straight across the harbor for Union Wharf. Meanwhile there was her anchor, carried for just such an emergency, hanging at the cathead, but nobody on board seemed to be able to let it go. Apparently there were men trying to untie the lashing at a time when every minute lost meant great danger and damage to both

ship and wharf. Master Loring comprehended the situation at a glance and shouted across the water, "Let go the anchor! Let go the anchor!" Then perceiving, an instant later, that the actions of those men at the cathead meant they were being bothered in their attempts to unfasten that rope from which the anchor was dangling, he called, in ringing tones of command, "Cut the line!" But the man in whose power it was to perform that simple act seemed unable to comprehend the needs of this startling situation and the anchor remained at the cathead until the collision had become inevitable. Then, when it could do no possible good, the anchor was cut loose. The crash followed. Fortunately Union Wharf even then was old, faced with logs instead of stone, and so suffered the bulk of the damage resulting from this collision. Thus the strongly built vessel escaped with merely a pair of broken rudder braces when, but for rare good fortune, a split stern post and consequent large expenditure of money for repairs would have resulted—all because a man who found a slip rope fouled could not promptly understand that he should cut the line with any one of the axes or adzes then within easy reach, instead of trying to save a fifteen-cent piece of rope.

Half a century has passed since, a spellbound boy, I stood near Master Loring and heard his frantic shouts to the man at his vessel's bow. During that long period, I have had occasion to observe and associate with a great many men, some of them holding high positions in our national life, and repeatedly it has been brought home to me how few are the men who, when an unexpected condition suddenly confronts them, demanding immediate assumption of individual responsibility for an uncompromising and sometimes even drastic solution of a problem, dare rise to the occasion and, regardless of possible criticism, with Alexandrine courage "cut the line."



CHAPTER V.



THAT territory upon which the village of Yarmouth ultimately became established was one of the first to catch the eye of pioneer explorers in the New World. The indentation of its river clearly appears on Champlain's ancient map. The redoubtable John Smith, in that readable description he gives of his expedition along the Maine coast in 1614, refers to its good lands, located at the bottom "of a deepe bay."

William Royall, who joined the Puritan settlements along the north shore of Massachusetts Bay in 1629, as a result of his explorations of that great territory stretching away to the eastward, selected this place as a most advantageous site for a settlement; and, as soon as there appeared to have come something like a determination of those disputed titles which had arisen from conflicting royal grants, he, in 1643, purchased of Gorges that district near the mouth of the river which now bears his name.

Royall selected for his dwelling place a spot on the elevated land near what is known as

Knight's Landing, where the natural channel comes in close to the bank before swinging across toward Sandy Point and entering that broad basin the northerly shore of which then extended along where the curving road from Pleasant Street Hill to the river now runs and then followed the foot of that high ridge reaching to Gooding's Creek. There, in 1658, having been joined by John Cousins, who gave his name to that neighboring river and to the island where he later established his own home, Royall built a fort which it was then assumed would be a sufficient protection against any such desultory raids as wandering bands of Indians might make upon it. In time, a few other pioneers chose this spot for their humble homes, but in 1675, King Philip's terrible war hurled an unprecedented volume of enemies upon all Maine's scattered pioneers and Royall's little settlement was among those destroyed.

However, no sooner was Philip dead than the attractive banks of Royall's River saw indomitable white men returning again. On both sides of the harbor they planted scattered habitations with a courage unshaken by blackened ruins, which, in those very places, remained as grim reminders of bloody scenes that had desolated this land but a few years before. Soon they

brought into being such a sturdy settlement that in 1681 their hamlet was incorporated as the town of North Yarmouth—the eighth town to be established in what is now the State of Maine. The only towns which preceded it were Kittery, York, Wells, Cape Porpoise (now Kennebunk), Saco, Scarborough and Falmouth—all lying to the westward, or nearer older and stronger settlements.

This rapid growth greatly disturbed the savages. Twenty-four sawmills, then so rapidly devastating the forests between Kittery and Falmouth, warned them what would happen to the beautiful hunting grounds through which Royall's River made its way if white men were allowed to utilise these water powers in the same manner as such powers were being employed in older settlements; and so persistent did the Indians become in their threatenings that in 1688 the government sent Captain Gendell, with a company of men, to build stockades on both sides of the harbor, that there might be some public defense there should those constantly increasing threats against this hamlet finally be followed by war.

This defiant act by the whites was met by the savages in a corresponding spirit. Having attempted at first to discourage such fort build-



OLD WAREHOUSE OR BLOK HOUSE

ing by killing many cattle belonging to settlers, but finding such intended warnings of no avail, on August 13th of this year (1688), the Indians made an attack upon some men who were on their way to assist in building the second garrison, which had been begun on the western side of the river, near where the old "blockhouse," so called (better known now as the Whitcomb house), still was standing when I was a boy—just below Riverside Cemetery.

Forced to retreat before outnumbering enemies, the settlers took shelter under the steep bank of the river. There they defended themselves until their ammunition was almost gone. Captain Gendell, perceiving their peril, took a bag of ammunition from the eastern garrison and carried it to them in a boat, being shot as he approached the bank and falling dead just as he tossed his precious burden ashore. Thus enabled to keep up their fight, the settlers finally caused the Indians to withdraw for the night to Lane's Island, where they butchered three prisoners; but though they gave up attempts to capture the garrison, the savages destroyed outlying houses and continued so to infest this region that the settlement was finally abandoned, many of the survivors removing to Jewell's Island, which once had sheltered Fal-

mouth refugees. But even there they were persistently attacked until at last they were rescued by a vessel, which took them to Boston. Thus this chosen valley of the Indians was again cleared of white men, and for a quarter of a century the natives enjoyed complete supremacy there.

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The Treaty of Utrecht, suspending hostilities between England and France in 1713, renewed the courage of would-be settlers—a few hardy pioneers turned their faces toward Royall's chosen site; but the government of Massachusetts, knowing the instability of Indian peace and, apparently, having been taught something by experience, took charge of the resettlement program for Maine. It determined the places where, and the conditions under which, settlements in that district might be made.

After investigation by a committee of the General Court, it was concluded that "in reviving the wasted towns, it would be more conducive to the people's safety and quiet if they were to replant themselves in neighborhoods of twenty or thirty families, united in a close and defensible manner and possessed of outlands in quantities equal to their necessities or wishes." As a result of its survey of the vast territory where so many settlements had been attempted,

the committee of the government recommended the resettlement of but five towns, of which North Yarmouth was one, the other four being Saco, Scarborough, Falmouth and Arrowsic.

"In no other than these and the surviving towns previously mentioned, were people allowed to replant or resume habitances without licenses from the Governor and Council till the proper designation and plans through the medium of the committee could be matured." But although this authority was granted in 1718, North Yarmouth was not resettled until about 1721-22, because, continues Williamson, "The Indians were peculiarly hostile towards the settlement of this place."

Such hostility on the part of the natives was perfectly natural. The valley of Royall's River then offered an almost ideal site for Indian homes. The series of broken falls over which the river tumbled as it approached tidewater were thronged with alewives every spring, thus furnishing the native an abundance of fish, so necessary for fertilizing those cornfields which nature had prepared for him on the intervalles through which this river for many miles held a winding but unbroken course. Salmon sought these waters, while beaver haunted its many tributary streams, to which deer and other den-

izens of the forest came down to drink. Game was plentiful in those bounteous solitudes.

Below the falls, at the mouth of that tidal river which receives the waters of this stream, Brown's Point and Lane's Island afforded most attractive camping grounds, to which the river highway gave an easy approach. There the natives, having planted their corn and made their annual migration to the seashore, where they could win an easy subsistence from clam flats and from their crude fish traps until planted crops were ready for harvesting, made their summer encampments. As the time for ripening corn approached, they returned to their inland villages, there to prepare for the hunting season, which for them began as soon as the coats of fur-bearing animals had become thickened by cold.

When, however, in 1721, the Massachusetts government took a determined stand to protect outlying settlements in the District of Maine and raised three hundred men for "eastern service," confidence began to return; and even in May, 1720, a petition had been presented by John Smith and other proprietors of North Yarmouth for the reestablishment of that town.

"Accordingly," says Williamson, "William Tailor, Elisha Cook, William Dudley, John

Smith and John Powell were appointed trustees, who held their meetings in Boston, five years; but afterwards within the township. The heirs or assigns of Gendell, Royall, Lane, Shepperd, and a few others, held their 'old farms'; otherwise, no regard was paid to original allotments, nor to quitrents. About 106 compact, or contiguous, house-lots severally of ten acres were laid out; to which were annexed marsh-flats, each of four acres, and portions of the whole township, equal to 500 acres to each individual, besides Island-rights. Lots were also appropriated for the use of the ministry, the first settled clergyman, and schools; and it seems, the fort was finished, being now occupied by a small garrison. The progress of settlement was slow; yet within the succeeding eight years, a meeting-house, fifty feet by forty, was erected, and the Rev. Mr. Cutter, ordained. North Yarmouth was an important township, forming a connecting link between Georgetown and the towns westward upon the seaboard."

One reason why the trustees for North Yarmouth held their meetings in Boston, as before stated, may have been the fact that another Indian War broke out in 1722 and continued for three years. But the government promptly

raised three companies of rangers, a total of one hundred and fifty men, to scout through Maine. It also distributed another one hundred and fifty men for garrison duty among certain towns, of which towns North Yarmouth was one. Furiously assailed by the Indians in 1725, Yarmouth's garrison proved invincible, and from that date the dominion of the white man in this territory never was seriously imperiled.

The great natural advantages of the place brought such a steady growth in population that in 1744 this town was not only able to take care of itself during the fifth Indian War, but it contributed one hundred and fifty men to the force which effected the capture of Louisburg.

The following year a force of some thirty Indians twice attempted to surprise North Yarmouth's garrisons, but both times they were detected before reaching these strongholds. Their second attempt is associated by tradition with the "bloody foot print" on Old Ledge. Here is the story:

While preparing for this attack, the savages had hidden themselves in the woods near the meeting-house, which then stood at the base of "Old Ledge," facing toward Prince's Point. A group of three white men happening to pass



YARMOUTH'S FIRST CHURCH BUILDING, 1729

so near as to make probable discovery of this ambush, the Indians made an attack upon them, killing one and taking another prisoner; but the third escaped to the fort, giving an alarm.

At once the settlers began gathering, and a running fight finally forced the Indians to retreat up the wooded side of "Old Ledge" and eventually back over its ridge, from which place they escaped into the forest, defying successful pursuit. This much is established history. Now for the tradition.

Boys of my day, and I presume our successors, were shown the rude outline of a human foot cut in the top of "Old Ledge" at a point near where a section of that long ridge of rock breaks off in a precipitous face to another shelf many feet below. We were told that when the savages were being pursued up and across "Old Ledge," one of them, wounded in the leg so that he could not keep up with his companions, was nearly overtaken by pursuers and suddenly found himself driven out on this crag, where his only hope for safety appeared to be through throwing himself into that rock-studded underbrush below.

As he paused, apparently to see if there was any way in which he might avoid taking this seeming leap to death, his blood-soaked moc-

casin printed the outline of his foot upon the exposed rock. However, it was but an instant he hesitated; then, with a defiant shout at his enemies, he leaped into the ravine and in some way made good his escape. But the footprint remained; and, as a unique memorial of this fight, its shape was cut into the rock surface that had received this stain.

Eleven years later, 1755, came the sixth Indian War and a last faint attack of savages upon North Yarmouth. Two minor raids on cabins far from the site of our present Yarmouth village were made, but in no wise disturbed the confidence of men who were so rapidly increasing the number of their houses in this section that the royal census of 1764, the first enumeration ever attempted in Maine, showed North Yarmouth's population then to number one thousand and seventy-nine people.

The capture of Quebec, which ended the last fear of Indians, gave Maine its great opportunity, and North Yarmouth, with its water powers for saw and grist mills, its broad marshes and intervalles for cattle, its river down which logs could be so easily brought to the saws, its facilities and materials for shipbuilding, its secure harbor, and its fertile farm lands, developed so rapidly, despite heavy losses occasioned

by seven years of our Revolutionary War, that in 1789, when the present form of national government came into existence, North Yarmouth was found to be the largest town in Cumberland County, its population then exceeding three thousand souls.

Those little attempts at shipbuilding in Yarmouth, first brought about to supply needs of settlers as they gradually developed this place, had grown into an important industry even before the war for independence. This industry, in turn, created a commerce so important that, in 1790, North Yarmouth and its sturdy child, Freeport, both were made ports of delivery for foreign cargoes in the customs district of Portland and Falmouth—official proof of the business which these enterprising ports had developed.

Elijah Kellogg has given a vivid picture of the types of craft built by neighborhood labor and sailed by fearless mariners who, during those unsettled years following the Revolution, ventured to the Spanish possessions in topsail sloops as well as little schooners and brigs—some not even painted—and, defying the fleets of England, persisted in carrying on an interdicted commerce with England's West India isles. Smitten so cruelly by the Embargo and

Non-Intercourse Acts, this plucky port passed through the War of 1812, refusing to be entirely driven from the ocean even during those most perilous years. No sooner was peace declared than David Pratt settled in Yarmouth and established the shipyards later utilized by Jere Baker and Giles Loring. To him Yarmouth's untiring historian, William Hutchinson Rowe, credits the establishment of shipbuilding as a permanent commercial industry in this town. He built for his home, on that high ridge of land from which he could look down upon his wharves, the heavily timbered two-story house which is still standing and was in 1878 purchased by my brother, Simon F. Plummer, from Mrs. Dunham, one of "Master" Pratt's daughters, who then was living there.



CHAPTER VI.



LIKE most typical New England towns of the era to which these reminiscences refer, the most noticeable buildings in Yarmouth were "meetinghouses," the more prominent, architecturally at least, being two Congregational and one Baptist—all three capped by those characteristic tall, pointed steeples.

These two Congregational churches were the children of a single historic parish which had grown and prospered harmoniously until national questions, which then divided not only sections of the country but towns and families as well, came into unpleasant prominence during years immediately preceding the Civil War. Largely as a result of these issues, one branch of the original congregation built for itself a handsome meetinghouse on Main Street, opposite the head of Portland Street, and proceeded to occupy it under the name of the "Central Parish."

Shortly after this event, the parent congregation built for itself a larger and somewhat

handsomer edifice less than a block away from the Central structure, but on the opposite side of the street, and took possession, as was its right, under the original name of the "First Parish."

The deserted Congregational church building, which had been erected in 1820 on land just south of the academy in order the better to accommodate our townspeople, and retaining those members whose original place of worship had been located on that stretch of green sod at the southerly base of "Old Ledge," looking down toward Prince's Point, thus abandoned for strictly religious purposes, was given over for the accommodation of general assemblages and the use of such few itinerant entertaining troupes as came to town under the commonly accepted name of "shows." Union Hall was its official name, though "Old Sloop" was a nickname that displayed great adhesive powers; and, aside from the "Institute," a modest building at the rear of Captain Paul Blanchard's homestead lot, it was the only public hall Yarmouth then possessed, the Masonic Hall not being built until near the beginning of my high school days.

After "Masonic Hall" had been erected, Union Hall ceased to have any obvious reason for con-



UNION HALL (THE OLD STORE)

tinuing to occupy a part of the landscape; and that rather historic building, the scene of so many interesting events, was removed to give place to the handsome L. L. Shaw residence, which still is standing on that ground.

My family became associated with the Central Congregational Church; and I readily recall those days when, as a boy, I was (as I then thought) one of the victims to be put into Sunday clothes and taken to church practically every Sabbath. I can still recall our family procession down the aisle to our pew, which was on the left-hand side of the church and, to my mind, altogether too near the eye of the preacher. The procession regularly resulted in my mother taking her seat at the inner end of the pew; then three or four, sometimes five, of us children would file in behind her, my father then taking his seat at the outer end of the pew. I presume that the sermons and prayers of those days were no longer than they now are, but to me they seemed to be of an entirely unnecessary length; and as every fidget that one of us children made while sitting in those high-backed pews brought a keen glance from our mother, we kept on fairly good behavior during services, despite the great effort that it cost.

However, after a very few years, when a little

increase in my physical size made the scheme practicable, I secured a release from what I then was inclined to consider a weekly punishment. With embryonic philosophy I managed to transform this church attendance into a sort of financial pleasure. I discovered that while the organist was credited with furnishing that instrumental music which had become such an important feature in those religious exercises, the party who made such instrumental melodies really possible was the boy who stood at the end of the bellows' brake and pumped into the air reservoir that atmosphere which the organist then transmuted into sound. I discovered that one of the privileges of the organ boy was to occupy a long settee placed in the left-hand section of the singers' gallery behind tapestry curtains stretched along a rail, which curtains completely concealed him from observation by the pastor; and that, so far as decorous conduct was concerned, he was perfectly at liberty, when not providing a supply of potential music, to rest on that settee in a perpendicular, inclined or horizontal position.

I applied for that important position of "organ boy," secured it, and thereafter it was my privilege during services, when the organ was not in use, to assume the most comfortable pos-

ture I could select on that settee, which was exclusively for my use, and there enjoy myself reading some book which I then thought more interesting than the minister's sermons or even his prayers, now and then varying my literary entertainment by peering over the tapestried rail and watching with delight other children, particularly those with whom I was acquainted, as they sat in their several pews under the keen eyes of their respective parents, and received the same attentions for fidgeting which it had been my fate previously to endure; and I often argued to myself that while my annual salary was very small (it was, in fact, \$12.00 per year), I was entitled to add at least one cypher to that financial figure as representing the additional recompense I received for my organ labor in the way of physical comfort during services.

I always was a partisan, even in boyhood; and I took the stand then that we had the finest organist and the best choir that ever was in town. The fact that I was not acquainted with the qualities of other organists and choirs in no way affected my confirmed belief in this matter—a mental attitude which long years of subsequent observation have convinced me is by no means confined to children or inconspicuous men. Reviewing the situation at this distance,

I think I can claim that, at least in so far as the organist was concerned, my views were correct. Most of the time while I was making that church organ useful, the organist was Professor Enos Blanchard, a man who had been given a thorough musical education, who was a talented musician and who was recognized as one of the best organists in the State of Maine. He was a member of the then famous Chandler's Band of Portland, and had the ability to take the place of any player in that band, being master of all instruments there in use. Like all real musical artists he was temperamental; but when he was "feeling right" and began extemporizing during those few moments which preceded the formal opening of services, the rolling notes that came from the organ at his masterly touch, causing even the walls to feel the powerful vibration of those deep tones as the great pipes came into play, enchanted me even then; and though, when he combined that heavy sub-bass with the triple keyboard, which his hands seemed able to cover completely all the time, it made back-breaking work for me because of the tremendous draft he was making on the stock of air with which it was my duty to keep that reservoir supplied, I always felt equal to the task because I knew that we then were show-



LORENZO L. SHAW

ing any stranger who happened to be in our church building that we had the finest organist they could discover anywhere.

The choir for the larger part of the time I served as organ boy was made up of Mr. Herman Seabury, tenor; his daughter, Lillian, soprano; Mrs. George Lovell, alto, and L. L. Shaw, bass. The tenor voice of Mr. Seabury was well known throughout this community for more than a generation—he was one of our singing-school teachers. He always carried in his vest pocket a little tuning fork; and after I had in advance filled the air reservoir to the limit, I would peek around a corner of the organ and watch him. When I saw him draw that tuning fork, hold it to his ear, strike the corresponding note and give a look at the other three members of the choir, I knew it was time for me to step behind that brake and begin lifting on it.

His daughter, Lillian, had a fine soprano voice, in which not only the father, but all those who listened to it, took delight. Its purity of tone, its ability to reach the highest notes without apparent effort, made her singing a real joy; and the peculiarly mellow tone of Mrs. Lovell's alto voice made her a fit companion for the young woman beside whom she sang so many years.

As for the deep bass voice of L. L. Shaw, I

may say that seldom, except among successful professionals, have I heard one that for fullness and power surpassed him. It was always a satisfaction to discover that a bass solo was to be one of the features on the musical program of our church.

I later came to realize that Doctor A. H. Burbank, long leader of the choir of the First Parish Church, was, in fact, a musician of unusual ability; but as he was not in our choir he did not come to occupy in my mind the position of those with whom I was associated so long. His daughter, Annie, also an accomplished musician, long presided at the organ in this church. Another member of the First Parish choir was John Walker, whom many of the present generation will recall as a worthy associate of Doctor Burbank.

In addition to being a fine physician, Doctor Burbank was interested in agriculture; and an extensive experiment which he made, for the purpose of improving the productivity of soil within reasonable distances of the seashore, was the use of mussel mud as a top dressing for land.

There were extensive areas of flats near the entrance to Yarmouth River, where years of superimposed mussel growths had formed a



DR AUGUSTUS H BURBANK

deep deposit of fertilizing material. Captain Darina Knights was employed by the Doctor to make these deposits available. His method was to sail a centerboard scow out to the digging grounds and at about high tide anchor it over a bed of disintegrated mussels. After the ebbing tide had exposed these deposits, the mud was shoveled aboard until a cargo had been secured. Then, when the flood tide had lifted his scow clear, Captain Knights would sail into Yarmouth's harbor and discharge his cargo on Gooding's wharf.

However much Doctor Burbank may have appreciated this material for top dressing, it was unanimously condemned by all barefoot boys who trespassed on his fields searching for wild strawberries; because those thin mussel shells had very sharp edges and furnished an uncomfortable footing, particularly when it became necessary for such boys to make an expeditious withdrawal from the ripening grass which they had been trampling down during unauthorized visitations there.

Doctor Burbank was but another of Yarmouth's citizens who for years had been interested in North Yarmouth Academy, which for half a century had meant so much, not only to the town but to the State as well; and it may

be appropriate here to insert a brief history of this school.

Our North Yarmouth Academy has a long and honorable record which entitles it to a high position among the educational institutions of the State of Maine. It is a school in the conception and creation of which are to be found suggestions and declarations which citizens of to-day may study with benefit to themselves.

It was established more than a century ago and under the most depressing financial conditions; for as a result of the Great Embargo and Non-Intercourse Acts, the year 1810 found the maritime interests, upon which New England then so largely depended for its prosperity, prostrate—ships rotting at the wharves and grass growing in the shipyards.

Yarmouth (North Yarmouth this whole area then was called) had been, even at that time, interested in shipping for more than a hundred years and, following the establishment of this government in 1789, had begun to send vessels into the world's general trade. It felt severely the depression in shipping. Nevertheless, during the winter of 1810, certain citizens of this staunch old town, "notwithstanding the pressure of the times," to use their own language when presenting the case of this school to the

General Court of Massachusetts, out of their scanty means subscribed funds necessary for the erection of "a schoolhouse in which the youth of both sexes might have an opportunity of receiving a better education than common schools generally afford." They asked the Legislature to create them a body authorized to establish an academy, with trustees empowered to receive and appropriate gifts and donations for the permanent support of such school. The names signed to this petition were:

Amos E. Mitchell	Benjamin Gooch
Cushing Prince	Hesekiah Corlies
Nath'l Jenks	Samuel Larrabee
Alfred Richardson	Nathan Oakes
Amos Cutter	Levi Mitchell
Daniel Mitchell, Junior	Hiram Hatch
Edward Russell	Jacob Mitchell
Calvin Stockbridge	John Hayes
Sylvanus Blanchard	Richmond Loring, 3rd.
Lezaron Bates	W. R. Stockbridge
Joseph Woods	Zadoc Whitcomb
Seth Mitchell	John Cutter
Eben'r Corlies	Asa Chase
Nathan B. Smith	Samuel Baker
Edmund Cleaves	Nath Mitchell
Enos Field	Benaleel Young
John Gooch	Allen Drinkwater
John Marsh	Thomas DeCarteret

The petition was granted. The act of incorporation was approved by the Governor on February 4, 1814. It opened with these words:

WHEREAS the encouragement of literature in the rising generation has ever been considered by the wise and good as the basis upon which the safety and happiness of a free people ultimately depend:

AND WHEREAS it appears from a petition of a number of the inhabitants of the town of North Yarmouth that they have expended a considerable sum towards erecting a suitable building for an academy in said town:

After Maine became a separate State the case of this young academy was called to the attention of the new Legislature, and its merits appeared such that on February 28, 1826, the following resolution was approved by the Governor:

Resolved, that there be, and hereby is, granted one-half township of land (the whole township being six miles square), to be assigned and laid out, from any unappropriated lands belonging to this State, the same to be vested in the trustees of North Yarmouth Academy, established in the town of North Yarmouth, and their successors forever, for the use, benefit and purpose of supporting said Academy, to be by them holden in their corporate capacity, with full power to settle, divide and manage the same half township, or any part thereof, or to sell, convey or dispose of the same, in any way and manner, as shall best promote the welfare of said Academy.

The academy opened for pupils in 1815, the Reverend David Meaubeck Mitchell being its preceptor. The high reputation which this school soon established for itself gave it a patronage from all parts of the State, and many citizens,



NORTH YARMOUTH ACADEMY
School Building and Dormitory.

whose names now are referred to with State pride, were fitted for college in this "North Yarmouth Academy."

Even pupils from outside the State of Maine at times were to be found upon the roster of this institution; and in 1842 it became necessary for the housing of out-of-town students, to build Russell Hall, which hall still remains as a handsome addition to Yarmouth's most important buildings as well as a silent witness to the widespread patronage which this school once then had attracted.

In 1847, the original school building, a wooden structure, was moved easterly along Factory Street to a site just beyond Deacon Hutchinson's house, thus making room for the substantial brick structure in which Yarmouth's high school had its first home, and in which the academy's class work is still being done.

For many years the lower story of that original academy building, after it had been removed from its old position, was utilized for church purposes by the Methodist Society, its upper halls being tenanted by the Masonic brethren until they removed to the "Woods Institute" building, near Captain Paul Blanchard's residence.

Then the "Sons of Temperance" and the first

Yarmouth Lodge of Good Templars, established in 1876, held their meetings there. Eventually, the walls of this former temple of learning came to house small transient "shows"; and finally, after the new Masonic Hall had become established, this building fell into such complete disuse that it was taken down and removed to Freeport village, where it was reconstructed as a meetinghouse.

That the material which was put together for a schoolhouse more than a century ago should still be serviceable, and, as a carpenter once remarked to me, "better than what you can buy nowadays," shows how conscientious were those founders of Yarmouth's advanced school system when they erected this building to which they called the attention of the Massachusetts Legislature when asking for the incorporation of this academy. It is to this building that the Act of Incorporation, signed by the Governor in 1814, refers in its opening declaration.

In 1873, an agreement was reached between the trustees and the town of Yarmouth, under which a free high school was established. When I entered this school in 1875, the principal was Isaac Chase Dennett. He was succeeded by Charles Chealey Springer, a Yarmouth boy and graduate of Bowdoin College. Walter Hastings

Marrett followed, and then came Edward Rollins Goodwin, who conducted the school from 1877 until 1881, or until there was graduated what I, as a member of the same, am bound to call the most remarkable class of those years.

From the day of its establishment, Yarmouth's academy was fortunate in its sponsors—a list of its trustees and standing committee members makes a very fair beginning for a volume of "Who's Who in Yarmouth" for nearly a century.

Mitchell, Russell, Drinkwater, Loring, Humphrey, Blanchard, Buxton, Gooch, Hitchcock, Burbank, Bates, Sweetsir, Prince, Harding, Lane, True, Marston and Merrill—these names are but an abstract of what the record shows.

For half a century (1844-1894) Barnabas Freeman was this academy's treasurer, and his neighbor, Doctor James M. Bates, was, with the exception of those years when he was serving in the Union Army, secretary from 1861 to 1901. As Sylvanus Blanchard had served as a trustee from 1824 to 1858, so his sons maintained a similar interest in this institution, Captain Paul G. Blanchard having been president of the corporation from 1877 to 1885.

Captain Blanchard was succeeded as president by Doctor Augustus H. Burbank and George W. Hammond. Then, in 1908, came George Emer-

son Bird, whose term as president extended from 1908 to 1925 and was marked by permanent accomplishments that speak effectively of this man's devotion to his chosen work. A graduate of Harvard and a man of scholarly tastes, Judge Bird progressed steadily in his profession until he became a justice of the Supreme Court of Maine, a position he filled with such distinction that even after he had reached the age of retirement he was often recalled to preside in the absence of other justices.

Having married Harriet, daughter of Leonard Williams, he settled in Yarmouth in 1890. At once he developed an interest in the academy, attracted first by its dignified and distinguished buildings and grounds. The history and traditions of the school appealed to him. After he was elected a trustee in 1905, he began a comprehensive work for the academy; and his enthusiasm and activities did not cease until his failing health made it necessary for him to resign as president of the board in June of 1925.

He began what he called "Steps Towards a General Catalogue"—three numbers. The work of compiling these three pamphlets was enormous and took five years of research—most of his spare hours. Records were few; catalogues incomplete. In some instances a name would

he found in a deed or legal document, and he hunted it down until he got the desired information. In his search for students and graduates he was able to interest some of the descendants of the early students and so secured additions to the academy's endowment, amounting to several thousand dollars.

The academy plant was enlarged through his efforts. The Freeman house was purchased to be a home for the principal. By soliciting money from his friends and adding his own quota, he was able to buy "Woods Institute" from the Blanchard heirs. This property formed the only entrance near the academy to the athletic field; so after moving the building and turning it to face the old avenue of trees which had extended to the field, he felt a valuable acquisition to the academy property had been made.

The walls of the academy's main schoolroom now are hung with photographs, and some paintings, of distinguished alumni, including teachers, trustees and others. This collection is the result of his work—a result achieved only through a great expenditure of labor and at considerable expense on his part. These pictures are all neatly framed, carefully inscribed and properly hung.

Judge Bird never regarded the interests of

the academy and the public high school as antagonistic, though many in the town seemed to entertain such a idea. He regarded the academy as another industry for Yarmouth. With its buildings, its endowment fund and its former prestige, he had strong hopes that it might grow to be a college fitting school of high order. To that end he aspired and planned until old age and infirmity forced him to reluctantly give up. Those who realize what Exeter, Andover and similar fitting schools are, how much they mean to the towns in which they are established, can appreciate what this academy, so beautifully located with Casco Bay's wonderful scenery at its very doors, might be; can see why some of those many parents, who, in spite of home high schools available, send their children to regular fitting schools, might select this academy for their sons and daughters, as used to be done years ago.

CHAPTER VII.



THE high hopes which came to Yarmouth, as a result of that visit made to Maine by the Congressional Committee on Shipping under Chairman Lynch—hopes in a measure realized through development during the next ten years of a shipbuilding prosperity such as this town never before had known—manifested itself in a number of significant ways.

Up to that time, Yarmouth had never enjoyed the privileges of a large public hall, excepting only that old church building which, after its abandonment by the congregation, had been intermittently utilized for large gatherings and public entertainments.

On November 9, 1871, the Masonic brethren of Yarmouth decided to supply this need of the town and their own organization. They appointed a committee, consisting of Benjamin Chadsey, Frederick Mitchell and Doctor James M. Bates, to proceed with the erection of a new hall, according to plans which had been prepared for the lodge under previous instructions.

They purchased from Mr. John Coombs a lot on the southerly side of that "no man's" land then separating the two villages and locally known as "Brick Yard Holler"—so named because one Samuel Baker had operated a brick yard there, and indications of its presence still were visible.

Prior to this time, the lodge had occupied quarters in Institute Hall, a building a little back from the street and to the north of Captain Paul Blanchard's residence.

The committee, with customary promptness, proceeded with the undertaking, and a large part of the labor of construction was furnished gratis by brethren who, after finishing their day's work and at such other times as they were not employed in the shipyards or other places, labored enthusiastically on the new home for their cherished order. The hall was a fine structure for those days and, though later enlarged, was then a great addition to the town's social equipment. It was dedicated on January 28, 1873, with interesting public ceremonies, conducted by the Most Worthy Grand Master, David Cargill, assisted by other officers of the Grand Lodge of Maine.

So much business developing between Portland and Yarmouth during these days, memories of the old packet services were revived,

and in 1873 the big sloop-scow *Gull* was constructed. She was strongly built, entirely decked over and supplied with a great center-board, which enabled her to work on the wind as successfully as deeper sea craft. While the corn shop and the brick yards gave her a certain amount of out cargo, and iron with cordage and some other ship equipment brought from Portland for a time furnished a certain amount of return freight, when business quieted down she ceased to be a commercial success, and the Sawyer brothers, Solomon and George, equipped her as a small dredge. A little hoisting engine and a pair of long poles sliding down at the stem made it possible to operate a large iron dipper. Like most emergency combinations of the sort, she was hardly a success in her new line of employment, but she did awaken her owners to the possibilities of the dredging industry; and it was only a few years from the time when Solomon Sawyer scooped up his first dipper full of mud with the little *Gull's* equipment when he had one of the finest dredging plants in the State—another example of Yarmouth-bred enterprise.

The great development in shipbuilding, which by the middle of the seventies appeared to have been placed on a permanent basis, brought so

much more work to Nicholas Grant & Sons, block makers, that they built opposite the entrance to Hutchins & Stubbs' shipyards a large frame building for the manufacture of their products, and installed one of the first Corliss steam engines to be set up in the State of Maine. It became an important industry in the town.

The readiness of Yarmouth's capitalists, like the Blanchards and Sargents, to attempt supplying deficiencies in our ocean-going fleet, which the great Civil War had so severely crippled, caused Congress to make an appropriation for dredging the Yarmouth Channel, so that there should be abundance of water for the largest sailing ships in the world. This governmental work was carried on in 1872. Important as it undoubtedly was to the business interests of the town, it seemed much more important to my particular boy chum, "Willie Martin," son of Captain Martin Noyes, and myself, for Captain George Sawyer, who commanded the tug boat handling this dredge and her scows was a firm friend of ours, and Saturdays, holidays and after school hours we were sure to find him ready to let us have the tug's boat; and as Captain Noyes had put us in a position to secure a small sail for that craft, the amount of navigating we did was only limited by our ambitions

and necessary school attendance. William, being eleven years of age and two years my senior, was of course the captain of this craft, but I, being the only other individual present on these voyages, was allowed to be mate, although the mate on these voyages, which were limited to the harbor, never was allowed to take charge of the craft. However, this captain gave me an abundance of instruction in seamanship (having accompanied his parents during one trip on the handsome schooner which bore his name). He taught me to row and scull. When we were out in the boat and the wind failed, I was permitted to demonstrate freely my expertness as an oarsman.

When dredging was completed, we had a fine channel fifteen feet deep at low tide, and one of the tests of our best boy swimmers was at high tide to dive from a boat in mid-channel, off Sandy Point, our favorite bathing place, and bring up gravel to prove that we had reached bottom.

People began to feel that Yarmouth should put on a more civilized air. Accordingly, the principal streets were equipped with lighting devices, which consisted of oil lamps set in large glass cages on standard-sized posts, and made in a way automatic by the system of having the

lamplighter each day fill the oil reservoirs with just enough kerosene to furnish illuminating energy until midnight; the assumption being that anybody who would be out on the streets after midnight not only ought to go home in the dark but possibly might prefer to. Looked at from this distance, those lamps were not a striking success, but they certainly seemed good then, and we all were so proud of them that no boy of those days even so much as thought of throwing rocks at them.

To facilitate trade, the late R. P. Greeley established an express service between Portland and Yarmouth, employing a span of horses and large wagons, which was so much appreciated by our citizens and so well patronized that in a few years his work was supplemented by Mr. Azel Kingsley, who put on a competing service, which service survives to this day—but without the horses.

But Yarmouth didn't stop with commercial improvements. It proceeded to develop a band, which on Tuesday, July 5, 1881, in the band tournament held at Lake Maranacook, and attended by all the principal bands of the State, carried off the honors, although it had but eighteen pieces; but every man in that band knew his business. It was under the leadership of Pro-

feessor Enos Albert Blanchard, a graduate of the Conservatory of Music at Boston. As a boy, he had started in the little old Yarmouth Band of 1847. He was a member of the old Cumberland Band that broke up in 1861. Going to Boston, he became associated with Boston bands, where he gained much experience. Coming to Yarmouth, he revived the Yarmouth Band, which is now in its sixtieth year. It began its present career in a little wooden building near the Grand Trunk Railroad, where Charles Blake had his barber shop. Professor Blanchard, Mr. Blake and Joseph Raynes were the promoters of the organization, and Mr. Raynes is the sole survivor of that group, now being eighty-three years of age and apparently as active as he then was. Some of the volunteers were young men who knew nothing of music when they joined this organization; but after the band had secured accommodations in Institute Hall, Professor Blanchard would instruct the members at meetings there, by writing musical scores upon a blackboard and explaining to each individual not only the meaning of his part, but often demonstrating how the part should be rendered. Thus they were thoroughly drilled. Mr. Blanchard's complete knowledge of music and his ability to maintain the enthusiasm of his pupils

resulted in his making of each member an expert with the instrument he played, and it was no surprise to the citizens of Yarmouth when they learned of the triumph achieved by this band at the great Maranacook tournament, where more than twenty thousand people were present and passed judgment on the work of those competing musicians. For three years—namely 1884, 1886 and 1888—this band was the chosen Regimental Band of the State of Maine.

When I was a boy, the Royall River cotton mill furnished a good deal of employment for some of Yarmouth's young people. This industry was purely the result of Yarmouth enterprise and energy. In 1847, local capitalists formed a stock company for the manufacture of yarns and cotton cloth and was chartered under the name of "The North Yarmouth Manufacturing Company." A brick mill was constructed and business carried on until the plant was practically destroyed by fire in 1855. Two years later, it was rebuilt and the business incorporated under the name of "The Royall River Manufacturing Company," controlled by F. O. and H. J. Libby. In 1869, the business was taken over by Barnabas Freeman, who in 1871 was joined by Lorenzo L. Shaw, and this firm of Freeman &



OLD COTTON MILL.

Shaw were the proprietors when I began working as a "bobbin boy" there.

The parents of those days realized the truth which the late Thomas H. Marshall has so emphatically expressed in his reminiscences—that a reasonable amount of labor is beneficial in developing a child along right lines. He understood, what so many parents of to-day forget, that the best insurance of a satisfactory product in the matter of child development is discipline; that the average parent is prevented by tender regard for his or her offspring from imposing the proper amount of disciplinary training so essential to starting young people on the right road to good citizenship.

If a child is employed for wages, his employer expects an adequate service for the pay given, and that meant constant supervision of the worker during the years to which I refer.

A working day in the Royall River cotton mill then consisted of eleven and a quarter hours of real work, employment beginning at 6.00 in the morning; continuing to 12.00, when a forty-five minute period was allowed for lunch, then continued from 12.45 to 6.00 P. M. Each room in the mill had its overseer, and at that time Mr. Munroe Stoddard served as general supervisor of the mill. He was also the room superintend-

ent in the departments where I was employed. He was a man who certainly maintained discipline, and yet in such a kindly, fatherly way that we all liked him, and we all tried to do our work to his satisfaction.

The mill then was but little more than half of its present size. It had the old-fashioned equipment then, because that was the only kind of equipment any mills of its class had—the spinning frames using large spools for bobbins instead of the spindle-shaped stems which now are in use. Each of the frames had forty-two spindles instead of the sixty which subsequently supplied spinning frames had; and four sides were tended by each of the less expert operators, while the more expert were allowed six sides—two hundred and fifty-two spindles in the case of old frames and three hundred and sixty spindles when these new frames, which came while I was working there, were installed.

When I began my work as a spinner, having previously graduated from the position of bobbin boy and spooler, which jobs then paid 83½ cents per day, I, of course, had but four sides to attend and was paid 50 cents per day. Naturally, I was not content until I had entered the expert class and found myself in charge of six sides, because the compensation then he-

came 86 $\frac{2}{3}$ cents per day. As soon as I became of a physical size which permitted of my graduating to the weaving room, I sought employment there, because there we were paid by the piece, and I could make from 90 cents to \$1.05 per day.

While I was not disposed to wish any misfortune on any of my fellow employees, the old adage, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," was fully recognized by me; for whenever one of the weavers chanced to be away on account of sickness or other less serious reason, I found financial consolation in his absence because the looms, which otherwise would have remained idle, were divided among those employees who were still on duty, and the one and sometimes two looms which thus were added to my supply, enabled me, by "keeping on the jump," to raise my earnings to from \$1.40 to \$1.50 per day. These wages, of course, sound insignificant now, but the purchasing power of those tiny wages was correspondingly great. Why, for the accommodation of employees who could not live at home, the company had a boarding house where women were furnished board and room for \$2.00 per week, the charge for men being \$3.00 per week.

Messrs. Freeman and Shaw, proprietors of

the mill, showed a genuine interest in their employees. Any winter morning when we awoke to find a blizzard swirling through the air and drifts of snow billowing in the road, we used to smile to ourselves happily, because we knew that about 5.30 A. M. we would hear the shout of a teamster in front of our dwelling, and at the gate we would find a span of horses hitched to a set of bobsleds, upon which had been mounted the body of one of the great grain wagons, that body being about fifteen feet long and five feet wide, with solid board sides rising some four feet above the floor. Into this great vehicle we would tumble, huddling together on the straw, greeting all newcomers with a shout as they came running through the snow from their homes to receive transportation to the mill, and then with laughter we would go plunging through the drifts down to the place of our employment.

However, my parents would not permit this mill employment to interrupt unduly my school attendance, my work in the factory being largely confined to vacation periods and to the year when, on account of overstrained eyes, I was compelled to interrupt studies for that period of time, and six years after entrance I was able to graduate from Yarmouth High School in

the class of 1881, fitted for college at the age of seventeen, which, in my opinion, is as young as any student should be when entering upon college studies.

What is stated here must not be construed as in any way advocating "child labor," as the term is commonly and properly used. I do not believe that children should be utilized by their parents as money-producing machines. We now have compulsory school attendance laws, which amply provide against any such abuse; but, as the late Chief Justice Savage once said to me while discussing this subject (and he knew whereof he spoke), a reasonable amount of work is not only good for any child, but the boy who has had to earn part of the money that pays his way through college appreciates more fully than he otherwise would the school privileges which he thus comes to enjoy.

When I was a student in our high school, pupils were compelled not only to furnish their own textbooks, but if they studied Greek or Latin, they had to pay five dollars tuition per term for each of those "dead languages."

In 1874, the Forest Paper Company, which had taken over the old C. D. Brown Paper Company site, began the manufacture there of soda pulp. This was the first mill of the kind to be estab-

lished in Maine. At that time, wood fibre was becoming recognized as a real substitute for rags in the manufacture of most kinds of paper, and poplar was the wood which was first chosen to be utilized in the manufacture of this substitute.

At first, our river furnished all the power required to operate the machinery in this plant, while one tall chimney took care of the fires; but the high quality of the pulp produced here, which fitted it for use in the manufacture of book and other high class paper stock, caused the business of this plant to increase rapidly. A large amount of acreage westerly of the mill was taken over for the storage of raw material—small poplar logs in cord-wood lengths—which was brought to Yarmouth by hundreds of railroad freight cars. These loaded cars were then run out on great wooden trestles, the outer portions of which, by reason of the ground sloping off toward the river bank, being some fifty feet high. There they were unloaded, creating veritable hills of wood which often reached many feet above those radiating rails, thousands of cords of this material frequently being piled up there at one time.

The corresponding increase in machinery necessitated by the great development of this business soon made it necessary to supplement



THE ORIGINAL PULP MILL

the power of the river with the power of steam; and more towering chimneys arose from this site to meet the needs of our flourishing industry.

The demand for fuel coal for these furnaces became so great that the Forest Paper Company established at the mouth of Stony Brook, just westerly of the Blanchard shipyard, a large coal pocket, and a survey was made to ascertain the practicability of building a railroad to transport this coal from the pocket to the mill.

To improve the quality of pulp produced by this establishment a reservoir was built on the meadow northerly of the Grand Trunk bridge, enclosing seven springs, the water from which was piped to the mill for washing purposes. The first financial result of this improvement was an increase of nearly an eighth of a cent per pound in the price received for pulp manufactured here.

With the increase of this mill's business came an immense increase in the waste matter, largely "black ash," discharged from this plant; and as this refuse threatened greatly to reduce the water basin above the cotton mill dam, the problem of diverting it from the river arose. "Brick Yard Holler" offered the solution.

At that time this "Holler," dividing the two villages, was an extensive and, in the lower

part, quite deep valley, through which a stream of respectable size ran. Accordingly, in the channel of this stream near the river, filters, resembling squat brick chimneys, were built, and a dam constructed so that surplus water might pass through these "straining" structures while other matter was checked and allowed to settle upon the bottom of the valley.

Thereafter, the black ash and other refuse was driven by pumps through a large pipe, connecting the mill with this valley, into the basin thus created. For years this pipe was utilized, with the result that that ragged old "Brick Yard Holler," with its broken clay ridges and remnants of former brick yard productions, was changed into the attractive vale which now pleases the eye of all who pass along that portion of Yarmouth's highway which overlooks this territory.

The great enlargement of the Forest Paper Company's plant came to require the constant attention of a civil engineer, and it was a Yarmouth boy, Ferdinand B. Merrill, who for so many years successfully filled that position.

Mr. Merrill was a junior in the Yarmouth High School when I entered it. Having fitted for college, he became a student at Bowdoin and graduated with honors in the engineering

course, which then formed an important part of that institution's curriculum. The results of his expert knowledge, so practically applied, speak for themselves.

Near the close of that period to which these reminiscences refer came into existence another local manufacturing industry--the Hodsdon shoe factory. Joseph Y. Hodsdon came to Yarmouth in 1880 and took over the old Farris tannery plant, which was located on the falls next above the Forest Paper Company's site. There he developed a successful industry. When the factory building he first erected was burned, he replaced it by the one now standing on the original site, and the subsequent history of this enterprise, its incorporation as the "Hodsdon Shoe Company" in 1896, and Mr. Hodsdon's activities in town affairs, together with his untimely death while serving Yarmouth as a State Senator, are matters of too recent history to be dwelt upon here--they belong to years which came long after I had ceased to be a Yarmouth schoolboy.

On November 28, 1882, a lodge of that order which later came to mean so much to me (for sixteen years I served as one of Maine's representatives in the Supreme Lodge), Knights of Pythias, was instituted in Yarmouth and took

the name "Wescustogo," No. 88. On the charter appear the following names:

James D. Rogers	A. W. True
Edward H. Wilson	Charles H. Dennison
Wm. C. Sweetser	Charles L. Blake
Tristan S. Blake	Geo. A. Leighton
H. A. Merrill	F. A. True
W. P. Soule	H. D. Brackett
A. J. Curtis	J. P. Carrwell
James Lawrence	R. H. McQuillan
Wm. H. Marston	John Coombs
F. A. Pendexter	E. L. Pomeroy
George H. True	W. B. Skillings
Stillman Sawyer	A. P. Lusk
E. R. Humphrey	S. B. Lawrence
C. E. Soule	Jeremiah C. Burton
Willis F. Brown	

Before the charter list had been closed the following joined:

Warren H. Mitchell	Edward Talbot
Joseph Lovell	Gardiner Leighton, Jr.
Frank E. Parlin	Joseph Loring
Enos A. Blanchard	Lorenzo Hamilton
Josiah S. Loring	Smith D. Sawyer
Solomon Sawyer	Charles L. Collis
Alvin Groves	Thomas Simonton
William A. Skillin	Albert Sweetser
Wallace H. Soule	Louis P. Pomeroy
Charles H. Moxey	Charles W. King
Eugene Stoddard	James A. Hall
John L. Wright	Josiah M. Walker
George E. Sawyer	John T. Smith
I. A. Skillings	Thomas W. Ward
F. O. Allen	Sumner C. Berry
Daniel Ward	

Many of these brothers were also Masons, and the perfect fraternal spirit which prevailed is shown by the fact that this Pythian lodge was organized in Masonic Hall and held its meetings there for twenty-one years, or until that handsome Pythian Hall, almost opposite the Masonic Temple, where Wescustogo's Knights had met so long, was built and dedicated on November 17, 1904.



CHAPTER VIII.



HE founder of my father's family in this country was Francis Plummer, who landed at Newbury (Massachusetts Bay Colony) in 1633. A few months later, he and a majority of those pioneers who had accompanied him from England settled a little farther to the eastward on the pleasant banks of what is now known as Parker's River—named for the celebrated Puritan divine who headed this beginning of an independent colony there; and Plummer's Island, near the mouth of this river, bears testimony to the one-time active presence here of this adventurer in the New World.

Steadily the men of this particular branch of the Plummer family moved eastward, never leaving the coast. The Revolutionary War found my triply great-grandfather, Jeremiah, living at Scarboro, where, after peace came, he resumed vessel building; and a long discussed claim, involving three brigs taken by the French during that period of unpleasantness which caused ex-President George Washington in his



SOLOMON H. PLUMMER

old age to give up the comforts of home to take command of this nation's armies, shows that he did a considerable business, even though missing Custom House records have made it impossible for his admiring heirs to recover compensation for that lost property.

His son and namesake, Jeremiah, proceeded to Falmouth, now Portland, Maine. There he married Joanna Hayford—whence the Hayford which my father received as his middle name. Later he removed to Freeport. There his son, also Jeremiah, my father's father, was born. Young Jeremiah followed the bent of his forebears—he became a ship carpenter. After settling in the town of Freeport, he became a ship-builder, and I can recall the bluff-bowed model of the brig *Shamrock*, which was one of the craft he built and the one in which he appears to have taken a special pride. Of course, with the iconoclasm of most small people, we children ultimately succeeded in destroying that product of an ancient designer's art, not dreaming of the value we would put upon it at a later day.

The same impulse which had guided so many of his race in the choice of a trade caused my father, Solomon Hayford Plummer, to take up ship carpentry. Never satisfied with any "half-

way" methods, he made himself a first-class workman. As a tribute to his skill with the broadax, as well as to his industry, there still stands in Freeport the handsome house to which he took my mother as a bride in 1853, every piece of frame timber in that house having been hewn by his own hands. Those two large trees still to be seen standing in front of that house were planted by my parents during their first year's residence there.

A notable tribute to my father's established character as an expert workman was given in 1855. At that time, the *Wild Wave*, one of the finest clipper ships ever launched from a Maine yard, was on the stocks at Richmond. On account of clippers being not only heavily sparred, but designed to be driven without mercy regardless of weather conditions, such ships were constructed with the greatest care; and particular attention was given to the planking so that, except for the narrow bevel cut on the outside edges to permit of driving oakum into the seams, the planks should not only be forced down for their entire length into perfect contact with the strake below, but brought solidly throughout their width against the great frame timbers, that there might be no possibility of "working" in a seaway. Only picked men were allowed in



SOLOMON H. PLUMMER'S YARMOUTH HOME

those clipper "planking gangs," and only a proven expert was permitted to take charge of that work. High wages were paid such men. To secure the services of my father for the planking of this great ship, her builder and principal owner himself came to Freeport and engaged him for that work. When it is remembered that the test applied by builders of such ships, before the fasteners were allowed to bore for treenails, was whether or not the blade of a case knife could in any place be thrust between two adjoining planks, it will be understood how efficient had to be the art of those old-time plankers.

My grandfather, Jeremiah Plummer, was one of those men to be found so graphically portrayed in some of Elijah Kellogg's books — a natural mechanic and a workman skilled in the use of all kinds of tools. After he had acquired what in the fifties was considered a competence and had seen his two sons settled in life upon portions of the great farm which had come to him and his wife, Charlotte, as a section of the old Brown family grant, he gave himself up to his own peculiar ideas of home enjoyment.

Near his house he erected a large joiner's shop. There he did all sorts of work for himself and neighbors, making carts, wheels, pungs and

doing plain cabinet work. My earliest recollection of the old gentleman is associated with that shop. I now have one of the chairs he made there. So long as my mother lived in the Yarmouth house, there remained in the bedchamber once occupied by my brother and me a paneled cupboard, mute evidence of this old gentleman's skill.

Across the road from his dwelling, he built a blacksmith shop, where, in addition to making yokes and cart fittings, he shod his oxen. Opposite the forge in that same shop, he set up a turning lath, and the very ornamental "four poster," which, I recall, largely filled his home bedroom, bore testimony to his skill in this particular kind of woodworking.

Then there was a good-sized stream that splashed over several ridges of shelving rock in the pasture about fifty rods from his house. Of course a man of his ingenious temperament couldn't endure seeing that attractive water power running to waste, so he built a little mill there, equipped with one of the first circular saws set up in that part of the country. There he manufactured material for picket and rail fences, carts and sleds, besides supplying himself with all sizes of beautiful white pine boards for utilization in his cabinet-making work.

In this same pasture was an extensive grove of sugar maples. From those trees he gathered a large amount of sap each spring—a practice continued by my father so long as he remained upon this farm; and I can recall seeing my mother using maple sugar for cooking purposes during those days following the Civil War when other sugars were so expensive.

Upon the death of Jeremiah Plummer, my father, that his mother might remain at the old homestead, sold the house which he, as a young man, had built, and where all but the youngest of his children had been born, rebuilt that broad one-story house, with end porch, into the roomy one and one-half story dwelling with fifty-foot ell which still is standing; and there he lived until he finally removed to Yarmouth, which town became his permanent home. At the grandfather homestead, his youngest child, the daughter Ella Ervette, was born.

But in this northerly portion of Freeport, at that time rather sparsely settled, school facilities were poor. Towns in Maine were then divided into districts, and no provision for transportation of pupils to school by public conveyance ever had been considered. The free high school system had not been authorized in Maine, and about all a pupil could look for in those

country district schools were the three "R's," "Reading, (W)riting and (A)rithmetic." With a family of six children, five of them of school age, Solomon Plummer and his wife felt compelled to consider seriously the matter of educational facilities.

My mother, whom many of the present generation knew as an old lady living in the "Plummer homestead" on Spring Street, always had been interested in educational things. She, like my father, came from old Colonial stock, being a descendant of the Hardings who came from England after the Restoration. Her father, Joseph Harding, was the youngest son of Joseph Harding, Sr., of Baldwin, Maine. When the land which had come as a part of the war-service grant to the father of Joseph, Sr., was divided, this youngest son received what then was looked upon by most people as the poorest part in the whole tract. It was rather rocky and had comparatively little heavy timber. It was located in that part of the town now called "West Baldwin."

But through this land given to young Joseph flowed a very fair-sized river—even to-day, after the vast forests which once protected its feeding streams and springs have largely disappeared, it is sufficient to drive the machinery



RYAN B. PLANNED

of his grandson's mill—and upon one of its falls this enterprising mechanic built a grist mill. At first he had only one set of small mill-stones installed and merely ground meal for the neighborhood, but, as he gained experience and means, he put in additional machinery, until he was producing flour—and this son who had the energy to become a miller soon was more prosperous than his brothers who tilled the soil. Then he added a wood-turning establishment to his business ventures.

West Baldwin at that time maintained a good system of schools. Of these, my mother had the benefit. Her eldest brother, Joseph, was sent away to receive an academic education. By the use of some of his books, my mother enlarged her educational attainments. Thus it was with a full appreciation of the benefits to be derived from thorough school training that she and my father faced the problem which arose as children of school age began to fill their home. On the one hand they knew of Yarmouth's reputation for fine schools. They knew that North Yarmouth Academy was located there. They knew the history of this institution which for half a century had been reflecting credit upon itself and upon the town. Later, I was to learn of the many discussions

they had over what course they ought to pursue. On the other hand was this large farm with those peculiar advantages which had been developed on it by Jeremiah Plummer. Anyone who operated it with reasonable diligence was assured of a comfortable living there. Freeport also had shipyards, though its building then was not so extensive as that of Yarmouth. My father could have worked at his trade there and still have kept the old homestead.

But the children! The needs of the children won. The farm was sold, the handsome Captain Frank Knight's house, on what is now called Spring Street, but then was known as the "New Road," because it had been built to shorten and improve upon the old-mail route to Augusta, was purchased, and the Yarmouth schoolhouse in District No. 9 had its always good-sized flock increased by the addition of four young people bearing the name of Plummer—Simon Francis, Clara Augusta (Mrs. George E. Currier), Ada Charlotte (Mrs. Lewis K. Lane) and Edward Clarence. Later Annie Ruth (Mrs. Charles Cary) and Ella Ervette (Mrs. Edward Pease) enrolled there. Shipbuilding then was at its height and my father at once entered the Yarmouth yards.

"Old No. 9" had a very creditable collection



MY BROTHER AND FOUR SISTERS

CLARA AUGUSTA

ADA CHARLOTTE

SIMON FRANCIS

ANNIE RUTH

ELLA BRUNETTE

of minors seeking education in those days. Ages ranged from six to nineteen years. Among the "big boys" whom I still recall as occupants of the "back seats," i. e., that section of the schoolroom claimed by those who ranked highest either in strength or scholarship, were Orville Hodgdon, six feet tall, Charles Seabury, Sanford Soule, "Nat" Harris, Charles Oakes, Stephen Curit, Charles Lombard and Henry Brackett. A younger class included Sylvanus Seabury, Woodbury Skillings, Frank Hale, Fred Bates, Edward Gammon, Willis Doughty and Wallace Soule, while among the little chaps, like myself, were Forest and Presbury Dennison, Joseph and Walter Seabury, John Curit, Hazen Merrill, Leon Doughty, William Noyes, Fred Dearborn and Thomas Loring. Among those who began to appear at about the time I was leaving this school were Charles and William Dennison, George Seabury, Harry Mitchell, "Ed" Bibber, Everett Tabor, Edgar True, Charles Doughty and Fred Loring.

Of course, like most small boys, I then devoted but little attention to the feminine portion of our district pupils. Still I can recall Ida Mitchell, Sophronia and Philena Gooding, Ella Richards, Georgia Noyes, Mary Brown, Etta Harris, Agnes Seabury, Sarah Hitchcock, Grace

Greenleaf, Cora Mitchell, Phoebe Soule and Etta Ross, besides some younger girls who were daughters of our near neighbors — Gertrude Richards, Etta Baker, Georgia Tabor, Lucy Stoddard and Jennie Seabury.

"Old No. 9" was "holding up its end" in educational matters when I began struggling with a second reader there. It always had good teachers. One, who taught there many years and ruled big and little pupils with an unquestioned power, was Theresa Merrill. She was a muscular, rather stout woman, with a handsome face which those big spectacles she wore could not materially mar. She had a genuine love for her work, developed in her pupils generally an interest in their studies, and those who chose to do so made rapid progress under her. But she knew her rights as a teacher, and she maintained them. I recall seeing her defied but once. That once resulted in a scene which became indelibly impressed upon my memory. It frightened me very much at the time, though I now realize that it had some very ludicrous features. It came about thus:

One of the larger girls, for some infringement of Merrill rules, had been ordered to "stay after school"; yet when the pupils started to leave at the close of this afternoon session, that penal-



TERESA MERRILL

ized girl joined in the departing procession. But Theresa was waiting. As that misguided girl reached the "floor"—a clear space in front of the seats, used as a sort of parade-ground where classes were accustomed to stand up and recite—the strong hand of Miss Merrill closed upon the neck of her victim as the command came, "Take your seats." Everybody promptly obeyed, even those who had left the room coming back, either because of a desire to show the teacher how obedient they were or from a wish to witness whatever might be about to happen there. Then the teacher, taking her seat in a chair which she occupied in front of her desk when little ones were gathered about her learning the contents of their primers, laid that young woman, who, I remember, was kicking violently, across her ample lap and gave her such a spanking as would have enchanted the soul of the most vigorous advocate of corporal punishment the world ever knew. As thud after thud announced the impact of that heavy hand and the sincerest sort of cries, howls and pleas kept a responsive accompaniment to those sub-bass concussions, a lasting impression was made on all members of that school and was transmitted to their successors. No one thereafter ever attempted to defy teacher Merrill.

Baseball was then in its infancy and unknown in our common schools. But we did play "three old cat" and "round ball." In this latter game the goals were at the four corners of a square. A yarn ball was used. It was tossed from the side, or "pitched," to the batter at a necessarily slow speed. Thus originated the title now accorded that most important member of a modern baseball team, the one whose part is to hurl a hard ball at almost cannon-ball speed to a catcher, who, because of such bombardment, has to wear a steel mask and other frontal armor, to say nothing of an enormous padded mitt, in order to remain a fair life insurance risk. Great oaks growing from little acorns have nothing on the modern pitcher when his development from the gentle player we used to know as such is considered.

There were no basemen in this game. The boy who made any kind of a hit ran to first base, then to second, and so on all the way "round," if he were lucky. But though there were no basemen to tag him, any player who chanced to have the ball while that runner was passing between bases was privileged to throw it at him. If the runner was hit by the ball, he was out.

But though baseball then was unknown in our

common schools, young men like John Milton Gooding were developing an interest in it. A few years later they not only gave Yarmouth a creditable team, but in '85 they had the crack pitcher of Maine—Frank Wilson. This Yarmouth boy was the embryo Walter Johnson of his time; and when he had Henry McCollister Moulton, lately a sedate physician in Cumberland and a former member of the State Senate, but then best known as one of the pluckiest catchers in the business, to watch out for those "sizzling benders" which so often caused the batter to dodge away from the plate in fear, only to hear the umpire promptly remark "strike," he was the front end of a battery that commanded genuine admiration. He proved his ability as a freshman pitcher at Bowdoin, and during the three successive years he was at Williams College, he pitched that varsity team into the championship three successive times. Having in an exhibition game held Anson's hard-hitting champions of Chicago down to nine singles, he was tendered a very attractive contract by that powerful organization, but as he preferred a classical to an athletic professorship, he deprived the national game of a really expert moundman.

Opposite the No. 9 school yard, and in a little

house at the rear of the lawn alongside her son's dwelling, lived "Lady Mitchell," as we all came to call Mr. Fred Mitchell's mother. She used to cover yarn balls by loop stitching done with stout twine. The products of her skill were favorites with the boys. One day she called me to her door and gave me one of the best balls she had made, saying, "I want you to take this to help you remember me." More than half a century has gone since that time, but neither the thrill of pleasure which her present gave me nor the kindly face of that little old lady has passed from my recollection.

No sooner had the Legislature of Maine authorized municipal appropriations for free high schools than Yarmouth took advantage of that privilege. Ever since the Civil War, the North Yarmouth Academy had been struggling for existence and it was felt that here was a chance to utilize the finely equipped school building of the academy, with the aid of municipal funds, to the advantage of all. Thus it came about that Yarmouth was one of the first towns in Maine to take advantage of the free high school statute. In 1873, this school received its first class. In 1875, I passed the required examinations and left "Old No. 9" to study with representatives from all parts of the

town. Thus a great widening of my acquaintance began. Among some old documents cherished by my mother and found among her papers is a catalogue of pupils attending Yarmouth's high school that year.

It will be seen that there were sixty-five students enrolled this year. I may add that what appears here as the "First Class," was also the first class to be graduated from Yarmouth's High School.

YARMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL CATALOGUE, 1875-76.

FIRST CLASS.

Bates, Edward C.	Sargent, Emma R.
Burbank, Annie	Skidm, Fannie S.

SECOND CLASS.

Anderson, Fred W.	Merrill, Geo. W.
Bates, George F.	Merrill, Wm. R.
Hitchcock, T. D.	Pratt, Lena B.
Hitchcock, Minnie M.	Small, Leila L.
Merrill, Ferd. B.	Stevens, Flora A.
Thompson, Cora B.	Williams, Georgie B.
Wagg, Lillie E.	

THIRD CLASS.

Brown, Samuel H.	Mann, Louis S.
Cobb, Nellie M.	Mann, Wm. N.
Cortiss, Grace S.	Prince, William
Dunham, Alice M.	Ross, Belle M.
Doughty, Willie	Royal, Willard
Greenleaf, Grace	Russell, Frank W.
Humphrey, Bertha M.	Seabury, Alfred H.
Humphrey, Etta	Seabury, Lillie P.
Haskell, Willie L.	Smith, Abbie G.
Larrabee, Rosalia A.	Storer, George
Lunt, Ada F.	Tholts, Flora M.

FOURTH CLASS.

Baker, Etta M.	Hutchinson, Jennie M.
Barbour, Jennie S.	Keeney, Lizzie A.
Barbour, Lizzie M.	Loring, Jennie G.
Cann, Florence P.	Mitchell, Oscar A.
Coombs, Charles E.	Pool, Sarah G.
Dennison, Melvin F.	Plummer, Edward C.
Doughty, Leon A.	Stubbs, Harry
Geech, Josie N.	Titcomb, George W.
Gooding, Clara B.	Torrey, Chas. C.
Gooding, Etta M.	Torrey, Joseph
Grant, Norman P.	Ward, Charles L.
Harding, Thomas G.	Wellcome, Frank O.
Humphrey, Carrie B.	Young, Grace H.

As to my mother's encouragement and assistance largely should be credited my ability to pass the examinations which admitted me to our high school when I was but ten years of age, so it was she who kept in touch with my studies there and always persisted in the hope that I should eventually "go through college." She had a special talent for mathematics, which was always at my service, and her knowledge of literature ever was of great help to me when "compositions" were to be produced. I later came to realize that she clearly understood the fundamental principles upon which all literary work rests—an accurate knowledge of what one is to write about and an ability to write naturally.

When I would report to her the subject upon

which I was to write a composition she would ask me to tell her all I knew about it. Then she would put questions which showed me how incompletely I had covered the matter. When at last I had secured a fairly clear understanding of what I wanted to write, she would say: "Now write just the way you would tell it to me. Don't use big words unless you have to." Many times during my career as a newspaper editor, I have had the value of that advice impressed upon me by communications and other articles received, the writers of which evidently did not understand what my home teacher knew so well regarding the elements of proper composition.

Her mind possessed a store of "homespun epigrams," many of them apparently suggested by Benjamin Franklin's famous collection, though some showed an unmistakable New England "twist"; and whenever a situation seemed to demand it, she would quote one admirably fitting the occasion.

After my father's death in January, 1899, my mother continued to reside in the Yarmouth homestead, caring for her beloved flower beds, which always were a feature that attracted the attention of passers-by to the grounds about her house, and watching over her children with the

same interest which had been hers when they were still in school.

For her the mother's duty never ended; and, as is so often the case, it was only when at last her loving voice had sunk into the great silence that we came to fully realize how constantly her presence was an active, though always unobtrusive, influence in our lives, how unselfishly sincere had been her every thought regarding us.

She enjoyed wonderfully good health, and at eighty-nine was as active physically as the average woman of sixty, while her keen mentality never showed the slightest effect of passing years.

When her eighty-third birthday was celebrated by a family reunion, a Portland newspaper published the following verses concerning her:

THE GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Where the distant sound of the Saco Falls
Softly came o'er the pine-crowned hills,
And the towering mountain's rippling rills
Answered the river's ceaseless calls,
Eighty-three years ago this day
A new life greeted the Spring-time dawn—
In a past that to us seems far away
Our bright-eyed grandmama was born.

With the soundless slaps of the days of Youth
Years with that young life slipped away;
Childhood fancies and childhood play
Passed—a woman she faced Life's truth.
Then as a happy bride she moved
Into the broader realms of Time,
Holding the hand of one beloved,
Rich in a noble manhood's prime.

Half of a century glides along—
Ah, it seems such a little while!
Baby faces a moment smile—
Then grow dim in the world's great throng.
Baby hair that she once caressed
Shows the dust of the speeding years;
Children's children, around her pressed,
Bring her the old-time smiles and tears.

The light of her life's long afternoon
Still no tint of the sunset brings
As to her grandchild's child she sings
That cradle song with its mystic tune
Where the softened sound of the Saco's Falls,
The brook's low ripple and sigh of pines
Blend with voices her heart recalls
As she the Present and Past combines.

Here we her birthday greeting bring—
Long may her afternoon extend!
Children's children their voices blend
As they the old-time anthems sing.
Many a time may we meet again,
Learn from her the enduring truth
That love can temper Time's ruthless reign
And duty done brings unfailing youth.

Late in the winter of 1918, my mother suffered an attack of double pneumonia; but her

remarkable constitution brought her through successfully and arrangements were made for a family observance of her ninetieth birthday. Then, however, the weakened condition in which that severe sickness had left her showed its effect while she was joining in those preparations, and she suddenly passed away on the eleventh of May, or one day before she would have reached the age of fourscore years and ten.

On February 15, 1926, her eldest born, Simon Francis Plummer, followed her, and thirteen days later occurred the death of next to her youngest child, Annie Ruth, the daughter who bore her name. The three now rest in Yarmouth's Riverside Cemetery, where my father was buried a quarter of a century ago.

CHAPTER IX.



OUR next-door neighbor was James B. Dennison, the blacksmith. It used to be said that "Jim" had "brought up" more boys than any other man in town. He liked boys and the boys instinctively liked him. His shop was a favorite resort. I realize now that we often must have been nuisances there; and how we escaped getting kicked into eternity by some of the horses we were darting among while they were standing in the shop waiting to be shod, I don't know, but I suspect we were being protected from injury by "Jim," who kept a watchful eye on us, however busy he might be. When his large new shop, now used for a garage, had been built, it became a favorite headquarters for men, as well as boys. At the big north door, summer evenings, observers would stand and watch Ruel Doughty train his trotter, speeding him from Greenleaf's store, to the schoolhouse and back again. Perched on the top of a gig, which had the slenderest sort of wheels some six feet in diameter—that was

the up-to-date racing rig for these days—waving a long slim whip with a red tassel at the end, and utilizing a voice which could be plainly heard even when he was at the farther end of his improvised race track, Mr. Doughty caused all of us to take pride in Number Nine's sample of speedy horse flesh. Then when the horse returned from racing at neighboring fairs, "Jim" would be consulted as to the possibility of fitting the animal with a little speedier shoes. Mr. Doughty was an expert ship worker and his son, Willis, followed his father's branch of the trade—that of "fairing" vessels' frames so as to present a proper surface for their coverings.

There were other horseshoers in Yarmouth, but people used to go out of their way to patronize "Jim" and he had to put in an extra forge for the accommodation of his many customers. Of course, Yarmouth had no moving picture houses in those days, but it did have Dennison's blacksmith shop. So we were not so badly off. There would appear the simple-minded man whose misfortune we children failed to appreciate as we listened delightedly to his attempts at using large words, without any regard to their meaning; also the old captain who was somewhat deranged by reason of a blow from a belaying pin, received while quelling a mutiny

on his ship. Almost everyday, he would drive up to "Jim's" ehop, unhitch his horse and bring him in to be shod. "Jim" would seriously examine the shoes, give them a few hammer taps, and return the horse to his owner, who would there-upon "hitch up" and drive away perfectly satisfied. He appeared totally unconscious of the fact that this "shoeing" consumed so little time or that no charge was made for the work.

Of course, politics were discussed in this ehop and "Jim," though a staunch Republican, serving as an impromptu referee, delighted in keeping the "arguments" going by methods adapted to each particular case.

Besides the comparatively new *Willie Martin*, Captain Martin Noyes, commander, Yarmouth had a fleet of venerable two-masted schooners still doing business out of this port in the early seventies. They were the *Margaret*, Captain Azariah Fogg, *George and Emily*, Captain Stephen Harris, *Casco Lodge*, Captain David Pierce, and *Ranger*, Captain John Cleaves.

Bricks and pressed hay, the product of near-by farms, furnished their principal cargoes. The master acted as broker, consignee, superintendent of transportation and selling agent.

I can recall seeing Captain Stephen Harris sitting at his kitchen table with ten or fifteen

life and also carried a black eye for several days.

At the beginning of the term, the master used to be "sized up" by the boys and tried out in various ways. If he proved unequal to the job, the agent let him go and called on Mr. Elbridge Waggy to finish out the term. Mr. Waggy I well recall as a man of powerful physique, with an active brain, a well-stored mind and was equal to any emergency. Under "Uncle Elbridge's" ministrations, the dove of peace regularly hovered over the schoolhouse; the big "bad boys" meekly walked a chalk line and absorbed discipline and learning in liberal doses.

For the summer terms, which were attended by the younger children, lady teachers were employed. A strong character was Miss Mary Sweetser, who officiated in that capacity one term; and after a short experience with her we figured that she must be a near relative of the lady whose epitaph was written:

*"She washed the children, fed the fowls
And made her home resound with howls."*

We were required each morning to rise in turn and recite a verse from the Bible. Next came community singing, followed by study and recitation. Learning a new verse every morning seemed a great hardship and was the subject of much adverse comment by the pupils; so when

one brilliant individual proposed that we all recite the same verse, the idea received enthusiastic and unanimous approval. Naturally we chose the shortest we could find, and when school was called to order, at the teacher's nod, the boy in the back, corner seat rose and said, "Jesus wept." Then the other fifty-nine pupils all came through with the same offering.

When this performance was over, we were called up to the desk one by one and each given ten hearty smacks with her ruler, and the song that followed contained more sniffles than music. Under her vigorous administration, we always opened with prayer and song but usually closed with a reasonable number of sobs.

Captain Azariah's home was on Fogg's Nose, a prominent point jutting into the bay near the junction of Royall and Cousins' rivers, a beautiful and sightly spot. Captain Stephen lived in Number Nine; but Captain David's home was beautifully located near the top of Pleasant Street hill, commanding a view of all the shipyards and a good stretch of the river below the wharves.

Everything about his place, both inside and out, was immaculate. The main house was too nice for everyday use so all its principal rooms were closed up, and as time passed by, it was

said that they gradually backed out through the porch towards the stable.

It was a matter of common knowledge that inside the home of "Cap'n Dave" and "Aunt Lyddy" you couldn't find enough dust to fill a thimble, attics and stable included.

Captain "Dave" took special pride in being the first man in town to pay his tax bill and made every endeavor to that end.

On returning from one trip, he sailed up the river with a favoring wind, and as he neared the wharf, the vessel had considerable way on although the sails had all been lowered. On coming alongside at a rather broad angle, the jib boom struck and penetrated a small building which projected out over the cap of the wharf. It was temporarily occupied at the time by two men who made a hurried exit just as it was ripped from its moorings, and the schooner slid along the wharf with it dangling from her jib-boom end amid the raucous yells and laughter of a lot of ship carpenters working near by, Uncle Dave's stentorian voice furnishing all comments that this mishap seemed to call for. The seafarers of the town built and operated vessels in three classes of trade—the coasting, in schooners of 100 to 300 tons; the West India, in which brigs and barkentines of 300 to 500



FIR# N BLANCHARD

tons were employed, and barks and ships of 700 to 2,500 tons, which made voyages to any and all parts of the world.

Among the better known West India men were Captains Ezekiel Knight, Frank Knight, Howard Loring, Charles Anderson, Albion Pinkham and Benjamin Loring, all of whom made occasional voyages to Europe and South America.

Of those who made longer voyages were Captains Reuben Merrill, who lived in the big house on the hill and met his death when his ship *Champlain* was wrecked near the Golden Gate, Calvin Humphrey, Cushing Loring, James Humphrey, James Curtis, John Humphrey, Joseph Young and Levi Marston.

Some of the older men who had retired full of years and honors were Captains Paul G. Blanchard, P. N. Blanchard, Richard Harding, S. S. Thomas and Eben Lane. When a new ship was building, they would drive down every fine day to watch the progress of the work, and the results of their deliberations were some of the finest ships that ever floated.

The younger masters who commanded the last of the deep-water ships were David Blanchard, Frank L. Oakes, Nathaniel W. Blanchard, Herbert N. Humphrey, Frank E. Young, Wil-

Ham Gooding, Sumner Drinkwater and Charles C. Oakes.

Some of the brightest and best were cut off in the flower of their youth. Adams Gray and Jimmie Kelley were killed by falling from aloft; Sam Seahury was lost with the brig *Agenora*; Joe Bucknam died in a nitrate port as the result of an accident and Eddie Doughty died in Manila of cholera, all bright, smart boys and a big loss to the town.

When a new ship was finished and ready for sea there were one or more boys who would begin their careers in her, and although the family of the captain and of the new recruit might be neighbors and on the friendliest terms there were no concessions on shipboard. One boy made a long voyage round the Horn with a Yarmouth captain and said the only time the "Old Men" ever spoke to him on the voyage was one morning when he felt unusually talkative and said, "Henry, does your mother keep a cow?"

But the community spirit was strong in District Number Nine, my home, and usually gave a special manifestation of itself in the form of an annual neighborhood sail down the bay with a picnic dinner on one of the islands.

On one of these occasions, transportation was

furnished by Captain Stephen Harris who had scrubbed, scoured and painted the good old *George and Emily*, thus exalting her from a humble cargo carrier to a pleasure barge. Decorated with flags and pennants, she made a fine appearance when on a beautiful summer morning the crowd flocked aboard and we set sail from Union Wharf with a fair wind and an ebb tide. Sandy Point was quickly left astern, the narrow, tortuous channel safely negotiated, the booms jibed over as we rounded Wolf's Point, and we sailed down the lower reach wall to windward of the perilous "Little Rocks," around the Round Turn, past Parker's Point, out over the flats upon the sparkling waters of Casco Bay.

Favored with bright sunshine and a glorious breeze, the forenoon was spent in sailing among the islands and at noon a landing was made at Jewell's Island, where, with appetites well sharpened by the bracing sea breezes, a bountiful dinner was enjoyed.

Embarking later on the homeward voyage, all went well until, on nearing the mouth of the river, we encountered a head tide and a breeze which had died down to a gentle zephyr. Captain Stephen was well versed in all the tricks of the winds, waves and billows of the sea, but

under these adverse conditions was able to get only as far as Brown's Wharf, where we tied up.

With the alternative of waiting several hours for the turn of the tide or walking home, we chose the latter course and bravely started on the two-mile hike. Shortly afterward, when well strung out along the road, a violent thunder shower came along, and through the heavy downpour, cheered by the thunder claps and lightning flashes, we trudged homeward thoroughly drenched but still wearing the smile that won't come off.

On another occasion the schooner *Abbie*, a larger and more commodious craft, was engaged and furnished up for the excursion, while the *Uncle Sam*, a Portland towboat, was chartered to furnish the motive power. This was an ideal combination, as it made us independent of the whims of the winds and tides, and also gave the affair a patriotic touch.

Everything augured well for a most enjoyable day as, with bright sunshine and a smooth sea, we went bravely skimming over the waters of the bay, when one adventurous youth, who had persisted in displaying his acrobatic abilities by walking back and forth on the schooner's rail, suddenly lost his balance and pitched overboard between the schooner and the towboat,

which was made fast alongside. A chorus of shrieks and yells arose, several ladies fainted, and all was confusion for the moment. A speedy rescue was effected, however, as the young man, who had by a miracle escaped the tow-boat's propeller, appeared on the surface and yelled lustily to be taken back on board. Aside from a thorough wetting and a bad scare, he was unhurt and was soon his own sweet self again, as cocky as ever.

Shattered nerves were soon soothed and the voyage resumed, when shortly afterward a sail-boat was seen approaching, and, when on coming alongside, they missed the towrope thrown to them, slid along the schooner's side, in under the overhang of the stern, where she promptly capsized and spilled her three passengers overboard. These unfortunates proved to be Nat Harris and two boon companions, whom he was treating to a sail in his father's (Captain Stephen) fine cat-rigged boat. Those ladies who hadn't fainted before took advantage of this opportunity to show what they could do in that line.

Meanwhile, the schooner's way had been stopped while the capsized boat and the three boys were floundering around close under the stern. It was proposed to take the capsized

boat in tow and add these youths to our happy party, and when some farmer suggested that the towline be made fast to the mast, so as to be sure to hold, it was done. Then the three boys were hauled aboard with ropes' ends and we again proceeded. Of course, as soon as a strain came on the towline hitched to the mast, the boat, which was quite heavily ballasted, made several wild sheers, parted the towline, filled and proceeded to sink.

The remainder of the day was passed in an enjoyable way and we returned safely and without further incident.

"Nat" was somewhat disheartened at first over the loss of the boat, but soon recovered his natural cheerfulness and on our return, when he met his father on the Falls Bridge, broke the news gently to him by exclaiming, "Well, I lost the boat."

Our next outing was a real tony affair. A steamer from Portland was chartered, and we steamed gaily around the bay with Harpswell as our objective. A picnic dinner was eaten, after which we enjoyed a two-hour thunder shower. On our return we came alongside Union Wharf and near our landing place was a large pool of muddy water. The gangway was run out near

its edge and those who landed first stood around, as is usual, to watch the others come down.

One gentleman, whose specialty was epileptic fits, took this occasion to throw one of his finest. For his act, the setting was perfect; so, when near the bottom of the gangway, he collapsed, rolling over into the muddy water, and with arms and legs going like flails, liberally bespattered all those who were crowded in between the puddle and the old red building, unable to get away quickly—a fine wind-up for a hilarious day, for he quickly recovered and some of us happened to be where we didn't get spattered.

Our Number Nine picnics were always featured by something out of the ordinary, as the above citations show.

And in 1879 that broad yellow building known as the "Number Nine Schoolhouse," which was our community gathering place, and had been so long that it had become a part of our district life, was voted to be too ancient for this very modern part of Yarmouth—we wanted something right up to date. So that ancient building which had been the scene of such varied occurrences, from revival meetings and singing schools to "rough-and-tumbles" with masculine teachers who had misinterpreted the self-sufficiency of those muscular young men who occu-

pied the "back seats," was sold to Daniel Mitchell and Israel Skillings, removed and supplanted by the structure now standing on that original lot. For years several of those pine board benches, painted green, were to be seen ornamenting the lawns of those Number Nine citizens whose memories of the old schoolhouse caused them to keep these substantial and very useful relics of their old school days. A "Number Nine" joiner, Augustus True, built the new schoolhouse. It is still standing and speaks for the good work he did.

Sometimes, when a Yarmouth-built vessel would be taken to Portland to receive her sails and final equipment, companies of our people would enjoy the privilege of converting that trip into an excursion picnic. Everything about the vessel would be, of course, fresh and new. Its broad deck furnished an ideal place for camping out, so as to enjoy to the full the invigorating air and sunshine of that twelve-mile sail. On any of these voyages, the captain always took a special delight in dispensing the hospitalities of his cabin to people of mature years; while we children merely peered with silent awe into the handsomely furnished staterooms and stepped very carefully upon the

main cabin carpet as we were assisted in expeditiously completing our tour of inspection.

Then, after the little puffing towboat had slowly drawn this great flag-bedecked craft down the river's winding channel; had made in safety the sharp turn at Wolf's Point; had doubled around Parker's Point and, leaving Lane's and Cousins' Islands astern, had come out upon the sparkling waters of Casco's broad-bosomed bay, the younger people would begin urging action upon the contents of sundry baskets which they knew had been specially filled for this delightful occasion, and, grouped about the deck, sitting upon spare spars, hatch coverings, or wherever a satisfactory spot was found, lunches were disposed of with a satisfaction which the most elegant hotel of to-day cannot supply.

At last came the bringing of the ship alongside her Portland dock, with shouts from the men in charge, the swift passing of great ropes, the creaking of haulers on bitts and, finally, a gangway placed, down which these guests passed to the wharf, there to cheer the captain, the vessel and her owners, and to wish her all success. Then followed the ride back to Yarmouth, every picnicker filled with a consciousness that this had been one very delight-

ful day. That old practice of indulging in group pleasures was but another proof of the fact that Yarmouth people in those days recognized the truth which Byron so crisply voiced in the words:

"Happiness was born a twin."

With the growth of "our pulp mill," one of scores which were springing up throughout the country for the purpose of substituting wood fibre for linen and cotton in the manufacture of paper, there disappeared a class of itinerant merchants who were well known on all country highways half a century ago—tin peddlers.

In those days, every thrifty housewife had, as a permanent adjunct to her more important home equipment, a "rag bag." Into this bag every bit of linen or cotton cloth which had been worn or cut to a condition where it could not be utilized further in that household was put, preparatory to the day when there should be a sufficient supply to justify negotiations with one of those itinerant traders. Finally such a gentleman would be seen coming up the road, mounted on the front of a large boxed-in wagon, within the high sides of which everyone knew there was concealed a large assortment of milk pans, coffeepots, pie plates, dippers, wash basins, skimmers, steamers and even pails, all of

the brightest tin. Then that bulging rag bag would be brought forth, weighed with a careless motion indicative of the little value placed upon it by this dealer, the quality of its rags duly deprecated, their value with much elaborateness conservatively stated, and then the good woman, who meanwhile had seen the little treasure, from which she had hoped so much, shrink before her very eyes until it seemed to be of but little consequence, would be shown a few of those various shining articles which, in order that she might not be wholly disappointed, the peddler would admit his willingness to exchange for the rags she had so carefully saved. In the end both parties to the transaction would be well satisfied; for the housewife realized that she had secured a useful article in exchange for what otherwise would have been worthless rags, while the tin peddler knew he had sold a little something out of his jingling stock, and was that much nearer the day when he would have on hand a quantity of this raw material sufficient to justify a trip to the paper mill agent, who would give him regular money for all this bulky material which he had gathered up while so patiently trading from door to door.

The stock carried by these peddlers was not so large or elaborate as that to be found in the

modern five and ten cent store, but it offered this advantage, that rags could be used to pay for purchases, and it wasn't necessary for the housewife to dress up and go down town in order to look over the stock.

The last of this class of merchants that I recall was one of our Number Nine citizens, "Peddler Winslow," a man that everybody liked and whose sons were among the most active of our district schoolboys at the time I was preparing for the academy.

A little Yarmouth industry, which flourished during the seventies and certainly would impress the present generation as a rather improvident utilization of what always had been recognized as a very palatable article of food, was the clamming business.

In those days, clams were largely used for bait by deep-sea fishermen. Many a barrel of Yarmouth clams found its ultimate destination to be the "Grand Banks." Lane's Island flats then had their great acreage well stocked. Clammers would build little shanties along the shore of Brown's Point. There they kept their barrels, filled and unfilled. Whenever the ebb tide had begun to show real results, a little flotilla of clammers' dories would be seen gliding across the channel and on to those Lane's Island

flats. There busy clam hoes would follow the tide out, finding, of course, more profitable digging the nearer to low-water mark they came, and then they would retreat before advancing waters until the unproductive upper stretches had been reached. Thereupon these bushels upon bushels of clams would be loaded into their owners' waiting dories, taken to the clam houses and there, within the comforting radiations from a wood-fed "air-tight" stove, which was invariably rusty and commonly showed a variety of irregular holes which were not present when it came from the factory, these clams would be "shocked" with surprising rapidity, barrels filled, headed up, and set aside to make up the cargo which weekly was taken to Portland and sold to dealers who helped prepare fishermen for their regular campaigns against cod and haddock. And this wholesale use of our clams for purposes other than culinary then was considered perfectly proper and business-like.

Shore dinners, as young people now know them, had not at that time been developed. Clam chowders were well known, but they were looked upon as such a "poor man's dish" that only a rich man could have escaped a sense of humiliation if visitors had happened to catch

him at a time when a chowder was the chief article of food on his table. Picnickers at the islands and along shore often had clam roasts and on specially elaborate occasions a clambake—lobsters, corn and chickens commingling with this bivalve would be produced; but we never fully appreciated the real value of what those flats had to offer us for food until the fishermen's diggers had practically left them barren. Then the law stepped in and began protecting clam flats along the Maine coast.





EDWARD J. STUBBS

CHAPTER X.



EDWARD J. STUBBS, member of the firm of Hutchins & Stubbs, shipbuilders, was one of Yarmouth's best-known citizens when I was a boy. His attractive house and stable, almost opposite the Rowe store, and always kept in "the pink of condition," still remains as an evidence of his good taste. To his energy and ability to win the confidence of men with whom he dealt may be credited a large amount of shipbuilding business that came to Yarmouth when that industry was the "mainstay" of our town. His son, Harry, and daughter, Alice, were schoolmates of mine, and I still vividly recall the speedy red sled of which that boy was the fortunate owner.

Like so many "red-blooded men," he appreciated a good horse and usually owned one. Those were days before street-car rails "grooved" our roadway, and many a pleasant afternoon, when Main Street's broad stretch was shining with a smooth surface of hard-packed snow, we high school pupils, coming out

from the old academy building for recess recreation, would see him, with Captain Eben Lane and Ruel Doughty, speeding trotters on that improvised race track between "Brick Yard Holler" and the crest of Falls Hill. In his enthusiasm, Doughty would frequently appear bareheaded, his hair flying in the wind and giving unbroken inspiration to his steed by a voice which, it used to be said, was second in power only to that of Deacon Ammi Mitchell, the teamster—the man who was humorously credited with having deaf oxen, and people seriously declared that when they were up in the village, they could hear him exhorting his team while it was just starting out from his home on the old Gilman place below "Old Ledge."

Captain Eben Lane had supplemented a successful career as deep-sea shipmaster by buying the old Mitchell tavern and farm on Portland Street, and on this farm he was raising some pretty good horses at the time he used to display their qualities in those Main Street races, which attracted the attention of us young people, horses in which he took a just pride.

Like most men who like horses, he was jolly company, and not only enjoyed life, but he helped his friends to do the same. One of

his peculiar hobbies was attending auctions. Whenever there was an auction within the limits of this town (and sometimes his ambitions even overreached municipal bounds) Captain Eben would be there, and his practice of bidding on almost anything offered, either from a good-hearted desire to start the bidding, or just from habit, often resulted in his going home with a very miscellaneous collection of "treasures," ranging from old coffee mills and hoop skirts to tinware and millinery--specimens of the last-named property not always being approved at "headquarters."

The fine figure of Ferdinand Ingraham remains with me yet as typical of the "old gentleman" pictured in the story books of my boyhood days. He had learned his trade in Portland and found employment in Storer's bakery in Yarmouth. When the gold fever swept New England, he was one of those to make the difficult trip to California, where many exciting experiences and adventures in those days of rough civilization befell him. He returned east, but soon the lure of the gold fields caught him again, and a second time he challenged fortune among those treasure seekers. There his health broke down and his condition became so critical that only through the attentions of a brother

Odd Fellow, who accompanied him home, was he able to reach Yarmouth again. He engaged for a time in trade in the W. H. Rowe store under the firm name of Storer & Ingraham. Later he became interested in shipbuilding with Blanchard Brothers, and achieved financial success. He was quite a pedestrian and took long walks daily about the town, continuing this practice until with years his health failed. His son, William Cutter Storer Ingraham, now a resident of Richmond, Virginia, is a recognized authority on Yarmouth-built ships and can give in detail the measurements and history of many of them. When I was Marine Commissioner for the State of Maine, to prepare our shipping exhibit for the World's Fair at Chicago, he gave me much assistance in locating some of the models which I assembled there.

Even when I was a small-sized pupil in old "Number Nine's" primary school, I learned of Walter B. Allen, and as a high school attendant I became only another member of that student body which looked to him for leadership—whether it was in perfecting ourselves in school dramatics or arranging for other social functions. For some time he was president of the North Yarmouth Academy Alumni Association and he always had a lively interest not only in our



WALTER B. ALLEN

schools but in all our young people. His activities in public affairs extended not only throughout the town, but over the county as well, and his record shows how popular a leader he became and remained. No political campaign failed to bring him to the fore. He served as an officer in the Yarmouth Rifles, and was a member of the Yarmouth Band. He directed high school plays, Grand Army and Firemen entertainments, and he was made an honorary member of the Grand Army Post, County Sons of Veterans and of the Fire Department. Recognition of his energy and ability to achieve results followed throughout his active life. He served on town and county committees, as selectman, as town auditor, and for six years he was county commissioner. He was one of the commission in charge of constructing the Yarmouth grammar school building and was a director in the Yarmouth Manufacturing Company and in the Royall River Manufacturing Company. He was a carriage painter and paper hanger by trade, carrying on this business for many years, and, later, for eight years was bookkeeper and paymaster of the Royall River Manufacturing Company, when failing health obliged him to retire from business activities. The golden wedding, which it was the

privilege of Mr. and Mrs. Allen to celebrate in 1923, is still fresh in the memories of Yarmouth citizens. Mr. Allen's services as superintendent of schools, as treasurer of the Public Safety Committee during the World War and as member of our Board of Trade are readily recalled.

The handsome house in which Mr. Allen resides was built by his father, Peter L. Allen, during my senior year at high school. It replaced the Hannah Russell mansion, in which Mr. Allen, Sr., had lived so long; and the appreciation which that gentleman had of trees as beautifiers of a landscape is evidenced by the forty stately elms now adorning the homestead grounds where his son has his home, as well as that row of elms fronting the property formerly owned by him on Main Street, all set out by him.

Peter L. Allen had come to Yarmouth from Portland in 1854 to carry on the Baker Mill at our Lower Falls, making chairs, doors, sash and blind products. Later, necessary machinery was installed enabling him to do ship work, planing knees, deck plank, etc.; but a serious accident having deprived him of the sight of one eye, he retired from the mill and started a carriage manufactory, where his skill and excellent workmanship won for his products a high reputation.

Lyman Walker had practically closed his long



LYMAN WALKER

career as a builder of vessels and had entered other business with his son, under the firm name of L. & L. F. Walker, when I as a boy came to know of him; but my father had pointed him out to me as the one who invented and brought into use the method of drafting and laying down frames which has proven to be such an improvement over former systems, and was so beneficially different from the "scatter-frame" practice which prevailed in my grandfather's day. I learned he had built some forty sailing craft, establishing what is claimed to be a record for our town. His yard was on the westerly side of Blanchard's wharf, and I recall a sloop and schooner being built there in the seventies. That industry alone never shortened a man's life is indicated by Mr. Walker's career, he living for another generation after his shipbuilding days were over, dying in 1906 at the age of ninety-two years.

James Parsons was recognized as one of the solid merchants of our town, and many people cherished the notion that if they wanted a very choice piece of meat they must go to Parsons' store, a two-story building standing on the lot adjoining that where stood for so many years the little old post office.

Mr. Parsons was of English birth and a car-

riage builder by trade. In Yarmouth, he wooed and wed the daughter of Jeremiah Baker, Sr., a local capitalist whose shipyard, mills, tan yard and stores were keeping his name fresh in the public mind when I was a boy, though Mr. Baker himself had passed on more than a quarter of a century before those days.

Though inclined to sedateness in appearance, and despite his English origin, Parsons was quite a practical joker and the few times any of his victims "got ahead of him" were occasions of which there was given a *never-failing* publicity by his cronies. His "raffled" turkey furnished one of these occasions. This is the story. It was a practice in those days for men with some sporting proclivities to "hustle" (shake coppers) for turkeys and chickens the night before Thanksgiving. On one such evening, Parsons was in with the other "hustlers" when, with "Parsons luck," he won a fine fat turkey. Being well aware that a majority of the men in this party had very loose ideas regarding property rights when the property concerned happened to be the result of a game like this, Parsons sent his prize bird home and, happy in the belief that it was beyond all harm, serenely continued his mercantile labors behind the counter. But in that particular turkey party was

Uncle Bill Anderson. If a little digression at this point may be permitted, I will say that after I had been promoted from the position of organ boy to that of sexton in the Central Church, I soon came to depend upon "Uncle Bill," who was similarly in charge of the First Parish Church, to determine the correct moments for ringing the bell; for the watch which I then had, while exhibiting most of the outside characteristics of a real timepiece, was so curiously temperamental that though I might set it exactly right on Saturday evening, yet a few hours of uninterrupted solitude were very apt to produce astonishing results in the case of that particular mechanism, and I couldn't afford a new one. So I adopted the practice of taking my station by the bell rope at what I reasoned out must be somewhere near the time my congregation would be listening for that call to service, and the instant I heard Bill's first stroke I started my bell. I doubt if anyone but Bill ever "caught on," and I don't think he ever told on me.

Now Uncle Bill had noted Mr. Parsons' prudent conduct regarding his ruffed turkey and he quickly evolved a plan to even up a bit on jokes of which he, Uncle Bill, had been this storekeeper's victim on other occasions. Un-

obtrusively he slipped out of this interesting gathering and proceeded to Mr. Parsons' home. There he explained to the lady of the house that Mr. Parsons wanted this turkey brought back to the store and that he, Uncle Bill, had come to fetch it. Mrs. Parsons never suspected that the genially innocent face of Uncle Bill could conceal anything suggestive of duplicity, so she gave him the turkey. Uncle Bill calmly returned to the store with the bird, "hustled" it off again just as if it were a new one and then went away having, figuratively speaking, cut another notch on the stock of his gun of humor. What Mr. Parsons' feelings were and just how he relieved himself when he came home after closing up store for the night and found that Anderson had not only "done him" out of his bird, but had raffled it off right under his eyes, was of course never known; but quite a number of men took great delight in speculating among themselves regarding his looks, words and actions at the time he learned, in the seclusion of his own home, what had happened to his turkey; and, knowing "Jim" as they did, they all agreed that their highest flights of imagination probably fell far below the actual achievements of this well-known practical joker on this particular occasion.



GRAND TRUNK STATION AND LOCOMOTIVE OF THE '70s

The first Yarmouth storekeeper with whom I became really acquainted was Henry Greenleaf. His store was located near where the "Old" and "New" mill roads converge. It was not far from my father's house.

Mr. Greenleaf had been an engineer at the time the Grand Trunk Railroad was being built through Yarmouth, and he continued in the service of that line until the work of construction was completed. Then he went to Chicago, where he for a time operated two tug boats on the Great Lakes. Returning to Yarmouth, he bought the Sweetsir farm in "Number Nine," turning his attention to the developing of a milk service for the town, a service later taken over by his brother Amos. Thereafter his always pleasant face and stout body was to be seen daily behind the counter of that store which he had set up in a two-story wooden building then occupying the southerly corner of that lot on which his residence stood—a store maintained for the special entertainment, as some children thought, of us diminutive citizens.

His daughter, Grace, was one of our high school graduates whose musical talent, I recall, had begun to manifest itself during those opening songs with which, at one time, school exercises began in "Old Number Nine," and she

later became one of Yarmouth's favorite choir singers. Having married Captain Nathaniel W. Blanchard, she accompanied him on several of those long voyages which the great sailing ships of those days were accustomed to make; and since her husband retired from the sea she and he still retain their love for the old town and reside at the Blanchard homestead in Yarmouthville, the "Corner" as we used to call it.

Among the clergymen who during these years became a quietly effective force in Yarmouth's social life was the Reverend Joseph Torrey, for more than a decade pastor of the First Parish Congregational Church. He was a scholarly man and took an unflagging interest in our town's schools. From 1875 to 1887, he was a trustee of our academy.

His three sons fitted for college in our high school and all graduated from Bowdoin with high honors—Professor Charles Cutler Torrey, the second son, who easily led his class during all four years of his college course, finally becoming a professor in post-graduate courses at Yale University and a recognized world authority on the Aryan tongues, having twice had charge of archaeological investigations in Egypt and the Holy Land.

In Mrs. Torrey, this minister had a 'help-

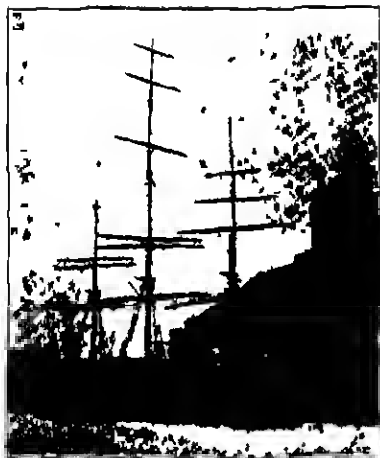
meet" in the truest sense of the word, her lovable personality being one that not only kept her a living example of what her husband taught but made her a cherished friend of all those who were privileged to know her.

Captain Nathaniel Blanchard, Jr., began his sea experiences when little more than a boy, his first voyage being made in 1869. The ability which had so characterized his father manifested itself at once in him, and in 1876 he was in command of one of the largest square riggers then flying the American flag. The thoroughness of his knowledge, which extended from plain sailor duties up to those of an expert navigator, received a remarkable demonstration in his handling of the ship *P. N. Blanchard*, which had been dismasted at sea. The disaster occurred February 6, 1881, latitude 21 south, longitude 119 west, during the noon watch. The captain was below when the changed motion of the ship gave him an almost intuitive knowledge that danger was at hand. He rushed on deck and, perceiving the situation at a glance, gave the order, "Luff," to relieve the ship from the whirling squall, which then was bursting upon the vessel, but it was too late to avoid the catastrophe. Before the ship could sufficiently respond to the order given by her

master, she had been dismasted and left in an apparently helpless condition. Then the knowledge of the man who had watched the construction of vessels, who knew every item of rigging that went upon that craft, who knew how to make and set every part of her top-hamper, came into play. By prompt action, the wreckage was cleared away before those broken spars could injure the hull. A large part of the crippled spars and gear which might be of use was saved. Then came the work of putting this great craft under jury rig. How faultlessly that work was done, this photograph, taken after the ship had been brought to port under her own sail power, best demonstrates. No better work ever was done at sea.

Investigation made by the captain as soon as he had made the vessel safe disclosed the fact that a latent defect in the fore-topmast deadeye on the port side was probably responsible for this dismasting.

George F. Taber was another of our neighbors who was associated with shipping, though not so extensively as Lewis Curtis, who for years finished the cabins of those vessels built in the Giles Loring yard. Though born in Boston, he was brought to Maine, where he learned the



SHIP P. A. BLANCHARD UNDER JURY RIG

joiner's trade and ship-cabin work, also general cabinet work.

When Number Three schoolhouse was built, in 1873, he, in company with John Gooding, constructed the same, and several houses in Yarmouth now remain to show the high quality of his handiwork.

He was an active Mason, who thoroughly mastered the ritual, and it was said that while he was in the chair the work in this Yarmouth lodge was uniformly performed in a highly impressive manner.

His daughter, Georgia, was a schoolmate of mine, both in the district and in the academy, and his son, Everett, now a successful electrical engineer in Canton, Massachusetts, often served as "mate" with me in the little flat-bottomed centerboard craft which I built, and in which we ventured on quite some voyages about the inner waters of Casco Bay.

Daniel Anderson was also a citizen whom most "Number Nine" boys of my day will promptly recall—not so much because he was an efficient ship-fastener, whose work always was a credit to him, but because he had a large apple orchard near his house, which overlooked the river and stood just back of the Augustus True lot. Every autumn there were visitations

to this orchard made by us boys. As I recall it now, the amount of fruit surreptitiously appropriated by each boy on such occasions was not large and was commonly taken from what we found on the ground, not so much from any particular modesty on our part as from a realization that the sound of a club in that sweet apple tree, which was our special favorite, might bring Mr. Anderson on the scene with disastrous results to us, but the frequency of these visitations must have resulted in a considerable decrease in the amount of sweet apples which Mr. Anderson was permitted to gather for his own use.

Among the boys who entered high school in "my" class was Frank O. Wellcome. I recall how one day he explained to me the perils of being caught reading any of those Beedle dime novels, he having observed that I had been studying one behind the covers of a perfectly respectable textbook; and I likewise recall how I succeeded a few days later in borrowing a particularly blood-stirring one from him. Terrifying as we then honestly thought those paper-covered volumes to be, I recognize that now to the patrons of most movie entertainments they would be considered insipid and affected with

Sundayschoolism. Both his parents engaged in literary pursuits.

Isaac C. Wellcome, born in Minot, Maine, May 8, 1818, was an elder in the Advent Christian Church, an itinerant preacher, and a prolific writer and publisher of religious books and tracts. Many of his publications were printed in many foreign languages and were distributed "to the uttermost parts of the earth" from his home in Yarmouth, Maine.

Elder Wellcome founded The Scriptural Publication Society of Yarmouth, Maine, a corporation of which he was manager up to the time of his death at Yarmouth in February, 1895. He also founded missions in Germany, Spain and India.

Mary (Decker) Wellcome, wife of Elder Wellcome, was born in Augusta, Maine, August 22, 1828. She was a prolific, sometimes trenchant, and versatile writer. Although many of her articles dealt with religious subjects, she was chiefly known for her writings on floriculture and her book reviews. Many of these were published in the old *Portland Transcript*. As a book reviewer, Mrs. Wellcome accumulated a large library of choice books. Mrs. Wellcome also was a lecturer and preacher. She probably was the first woman to be ordained and licensed

to preach by the Methodist Episcopal Church. She died at Yarmouth, Maine, in June, 1895.

A little man whom everybody in Yarmouth knew, and whom all the children with whom I used to play liked, was "Billy" Lawrence. An accident in childhood checked his growth but not the development of his commercial instincts, and no launching during those busy shipping days was quite complete without "Billy" being present, the broad basket which he always bore on such occasions, supplied with popcorn and candies, being particularly interesting to all the children.

As during those years when he was a young man there were few traveling merchants, and confectionery was not sold so extensively in stores as now, he did quite a business selling candy, one of his practices being to meet the early Grand Trunk trains. Thus he was able to earn enough to buy all his clothes, as well as quite a number of books, and put money in the bank besides.

The great Lawrence store, near the entrance to the Blanchard shipyard, had been erected by his family, they then being among the prominent business people of the town. After they had passed away, "Billy" made his home with the late Daniel Mitchell, and died in 1908 at the age of sixty-six.

CHAPTER XL



NE of my first seat mates at high school was "Charlis" Coombs. He was even then revealing signs of those business traits which later brought him such merited success. At that time, he was handling the Portland daily papers for Yarmouth, receiving bundles of them at the Grand Trunk station, folding them there and then taking them around to his patrons. As in those years daily papers were the exception instead of the rule, this task was not particularly heavy at the start, but he built up quite a respectable list of subscribers.

He also developed a little home business, the making of cigar boxes, which appeared to me then as quite an important enterprise. It was his inspiration that caused me to dismantle my grandmother's perfectly good flax wheel that I might utilize the major portion of it in constructing a little jig, or "bracket," saw, for at that time the manufacture of ornamental wall brackets had become quite a fad among the boys, and the little steel bands taken from dis-used hoop skirts furnished an abundance of

material from which to make the tiny saws required. As no one but my mother really appreciated the brackets which I sawed with that improvised implement, it is safe to say that I made a mistake in destroying this little old spinning machine which to-day would command such a respectable price.

His elder brother, George E. Coombs, learned the confectionary business, and later, with his youngest brother, Albert, affectionately known as "Duke," established a candy manufactory in that two-story wooden building on Main Street just above the Grand Trunk tracks. "Coombs success" attended their venture. "Duke" used to drive out into the country on regular trips, supplying his goods to jobbers and retailers over a large territory, and Coombs Brothers' candies achieved a continuing as well as a widespread popularity.

With a proper appreciation of human psychology, they added "Coombs' Cough Drops" to their output; and as the remedial nature of this new confection might easily justify its purchase by an individual after his natural limit of expenditures for mere luxuries like candy had been reached, this product of the Coombs factory materially increased the firm's prosperity.

They had a retail department in the front of

their factory; but as even this did not suffice to exhaust "Duke's" energies, he, realizing from the first the possibilities of the telephone, undertook and conducted for several years a telephone system, practically the first in the town. If he ever got tired in those days, no one outside of the family ever had an opportunity to suspect it.

Rufus R. York was a man of whom it should be enough to say that he was able to achieve success as a merchant and still retain his unvarying popularity as a preacher. His store was in the brick block now occupied by W. H. Rowe, and the facility with which he satisfied ladies that such dry goods as he happened to have in stock were exactly what they required, deeply impressed me even then. He was a man of perfect geniality, with, as I now suspect, a fair understanding of human nature; but be it said that the goods he handled were just what he represented them to be and people always retained their liking for him and his stock to the end, even though that stock lacked the variety to be found in Portland stores.

He was an elder in the Second Advent Church, and as a preacher won the attention of his congregation with the same facility as that revealed when he had anteceded in awakening the inter-

est of some good housewife in a remnant which he felt had remained on his shelves a sufficient length of time.

Rev. George G. Hamilton was one of Yarmouth's ministers whom all the youth of my time knew and really liked. His was a genuine interest in young people. He understood the direction of their thoughts and he could come into harmonious contact with their ideas. Association with him was in itself a benefit. He preached in the little Universalist Chapel which had been built by Jeremiah Loring, 3rd, on what is now West Elm Street, in 1834, at the modest cost of \$1,009.00. That even this extra nine dollars must have been faithfully put into the work is indicated by the fact that this structure, up to two years ago, still was standing, its strength apparently little impaired, though it had been vacant for a long time.

When the congregation withdrew from this chapel, its old pulpit was removed for safe keeping to the basement of the Central Congregational Church. After having enjoyed the atmosphere of this creed for some time, it was loaned to the Methodist Society and, so far as I know, is doing equally valiant service there, showing no appreciable effects of the liberalized doctrines to which it was originally dedicated.

Another high school seat mate whom I well recall was "Sam" York. His father, Captain Eben York, had, I knew, been following the sea for half a century—a period of time which to me then seemed not so very distantly related to eternity; and the fact that a country boy, venturing into a fore-castle at the age of *fourteen*, had been able to win his way to the quarter-decks of those finest sailing ships which Yarmouth then was producing, had been a master of vessels for forty years, visiting all the great ports of the world and acquiring wealth as well as position, was an inspiration to me. Then it was I began to dream seriously of a mariner's life, but later, like my seat mate, I came to realize that the world trade in which Captain York had engaged was being monopolized by foreigners whose governments not only appreciated the real value of a merchant marine, but had the business sense and independence to stand squarely behind it; so we both turned to land employments.

But my positions as Secretary of the Bath Board of Trade and as Washington representative of the Atlantic Carriers' Association caused me to be more or less connected with all important efforts made, from time to time during the past third of a century, to recreate for Ameri-

can shipping those living conditions which the legislation demanded and secured from Congress by Washington and Jefferson had produced with such magnificent success.

At first I could not understand how a government which extended aid to all other home industries could neglect the one great enterprise which means so much to us in international trade, and it was with but poorly concealed skepticism that I listened when the late William P. Frye, for so many years the Senate's great champion of an American Merchant Marine, said to me during one of my early visits at the national capitol, "You'll find that foreign shipping men have a great deal more influence in Washington than American shipping men"; but years ago I found myself not only compelled to join in the Senator's severe opinion, but I began to feel that his statement was not sufficiently emphatic.

At this time (July, 1926), I am serving as chairman of a committee which, in compliance with a recent direction of Congress, is preparing another shipping bill for congressional consideration. Of course every essential fact involved in this shipping problem has been repeatedly presented. Nothing really new can be produced.

But the committee will feel obliged to have all this old material re-collected and brought up to date. It will listen to, and read elaborate statements and suggestions by, theorists who are always ready to set up their opinions as of greater value than the actual experience of practical men. Its "exhibits" will be voluminous and full of that minute detail which always furnishes abundant excuse for argument; because no two shipyards will name the same price when competing for building a given ship, while the operating costs of that same ship will vary under different managers and in different trades.

Then Congressional Committees will hold extended hearings, taking "testimony" similar to that acquired by the Shipping Board's Committee. There will be rearrangements of words and our government-owned ships will be introduced as an element to complicate the problem. But it is clear from past performances, whatever form of bill may be produced and whatever its fate, that no general aid such as President Grant so forcefully urged in his message to Congress, commenting on the report of the Lynch Committee, before which our Yarmouth shipping men had appeared, or such as the forefathers provided for American ships, will actually reach American vessels. The most we

can really expect is a measure of recognition for a few selected steamship lines which the authorities may look upon as worthy of national aid—about the same aid as can be granted under the present shipping law. The fundamental proposition established by Washington's administration, that of making the foreign trade of the United States equally attractive with the domestic trade, so that vessels could be used in both trades indiscriminately and change from one trade to the other according as demands of our commerce at home or abroad might cause changes in freight rates, thus making our whole shipping business one where all Americans would have equal opportunities to engage in it and the best man have a chance to win, will be overlooked, and the existence of a great merchant fleet, ready at all times to meet heavy demands for export, as the Shipping Board fleet is now doing, prevented. So the foreigners will continue to handle the bulk of our ocean business, and those merchant ships which gave us such a great opportunity and which might have rendered our people a service commensurate even with their tremendous cost, will soon cease to be an important factor in international trade.

But to revert a bit to shipbuilding and then to

the smaller water craft which then made this little Yarmouth harbor their home.

When the outside planks of a vessel had been all put in place and their seams caulked, it was necessary to make a water test of the vessel in order that any defects in the hull's outer covering, like a weather crack, a loose treenail, or a break in the oakum's thread—any one of many little things—might be revealed and a potential leak stopped while the vessel still was on the stocks, where correction of these conditions would be a very simple matter, instead of waiting until the craft was afloat and the builder then learned that he must put her into dry dock for repairs, with all the expense and delay incident to such a proceeding, to say nothing of the implied reflection such a development would cast upon the integrity of his work.

This test was called "watering up," and was made as follows: A hose from some big pump that had been temporarily secured was run over the rail and into the "'tween decks" of the vessel, where, through that opening called the "air straks," which extends along both sides of the vessel from stem to stern and is formed by leaving a few inches' space between two adjoining tiers of ceiling, thus permitting of air circulation among the frame timbers, water can be

poured until the spaces separating the outer and inner covering of the vessel have been flooded up to the lower deck beams. In this connection, and as indicative of the high-class work which our carpenters used to do, it is to be noted that although the ceiling was not caulked, yet those heavy timbers and inside planks were so accurately fitted together that their joints were practically water-tight.

At the time of the shipbuilding revival, to which this narrative particularly refers, Yarmouth possessed a "hand tub" fire engine named the *Lion*. Several times an attempt was made to utilize this mechanism, so impressively named, for "watering up" purposes. But the *Lion*, like people, could not wholly escape the effects of age. It was quite an undertaking to draw water up over a wharf cap-sill and then force it through a hose to a height of thirty feet or more, that it might cross a vessel's rail; and at last the *Lion* proved unequal to the task. Possibly, had its cylinders been re-bored and new packing provided for valves and plungers, results might have been different. But apparently the scarcity of fires in Yarmouth caused the town fathers to feel that they could not justify such an expenditure of funds as these repairs would involve, and private citizens nat-

urally were not inclined to take such a burden upon themselves. Therefore, this machine remained in its unsatisfactory condition, while still retaining the honorable title of "fire engine"; and the first comprehensive appreciation I ever gained of what the English language, in a more or less aggravated form, is capable of, for the purpose of expressing vehement views regarding the obstinacy of an inanimate object, as well as the variety of fates which it is possible to suggest for such an irritating thing, was when I listened to the ejaculatory utterances of those men who, during a hot day, were rushing pails of water from the wharf front to the cylinders of this machine and then frantically working its heavy brakes in a vain attempt to make the old pump "suck." In due time, it was found to be more expeditious, as well as less damaging to workmen's dispositions, to have a tug boat come alongside the bulkhead and let her steam pump furnish the necessary flood. What became of the *Lion* after it had been supplanted by steam, I don't recall; but even now I should know right where to look for that machine if, in fact, it really did go to the place for which it was so often effusively recommended by men who were sweating over it during one of its particularly balky spells.

The prosperity which those busy days brought Yarmouth manifested itself, among other ways, in the creation of smart pleasure craft; and Yarmouth produced some of the finest boats that ever sailed on Casco Bay.

Apparently, for the purpose of demonstrating conclusively that our people were capable of designing and building yachts that could take and hold as high a place among racing craft as our merchant ships had won among their competitors on the high seas, Captain Charles Brown constructed the centerboard sloop *Georgia*. No sooner was this craft completed and her sails well stretched than he started with her for Portland to challenge the fleetest craft that busy port could show. One by one the *Georgia* met every recognized rival there, and one by one she sent them down in defeat. For three years she was the winner in annual regattas, taking the championship of Casco Bay; and she only yielded her title to another Yarmouth built yacht, the big single sticker, *E. W. Hill*, named for one of Yarmouth's finest captains, and constructed under the eye of John Walker and A. H. Parsons. That craft continued a leader until 1885, when she was lengthened and rebuilt into a big cruising yacht for the Richardsons of Chicago. When she was finally fitted out, her

staterooms were worthy of a much more pretentious vessel. On the first voyage she made in her reconstructed form, it was my privilege to serve as a sailor before the mast. That position meant long days with extremely irregular hours for me, but the pay was high for those days (\$35.00 per month), and when it was my "trick at the wheel," it was easy for me to imagine that this was my boat and that I was out with it on a little cruise of my own.

But the man who saw to it that Yarmouth was provided with its complete quota of pleasure craft for use of the public generally was Henry B. Hitchcock. It was he who produced the tall sloop yacht *Snark*, later owned by Mr. Ansel Loring, for whom I served as a sailing master several seasons. She had a roomy cabin, well furnished for those days, with comfortable sleeping quarters for six people; but a dozen people could find accommodations aboard her when they desired--and they frequently did--for a group of fairly sensible individuals, out for the purpose of finding good, clean enjoyment instead of with a disposition to discover just how many different excuses for complaints can be pointed out, never has any difficulty finding a place to sleep, whether the party is camping out or cruising off the coast. If it was a stag

party I had aboard the *Snark*, with everybody in about the same physical condition, then the fellows who "turned in" first took the six regular berths, while others slept on the carpet with anything they could find for a pillow. If the yacht had come to anchor before a majority of the party decided that it was bedtime, then the big club topsail, using the main boom for a ridgepole, was spread from rail to rail, making a first-class tent over the cockpit. That old *Snark* furnished real enjoyment to a lot of people during her best days.

Reviewing the many trips I made as master of this yacht, I specially recall that, during the season of 1883, the *Snark* was chartered by a member of Canada's Parliament, who then was stopping at the Merriconeag House, Harpswell (quite a lot of Canadians were summer visitors at Harpswell those days), to take him and his party on a cruise down the coast. The wind was light at the time we got under way and showed little improvement during the day, so it was nearly dinner time when we found ourselves abreast of Popham Beach. Accordingly, it was suggested that we make a closer inspection of that place, so attractive with its clusters of pretty cottages, and, incidentally, that we

see how their hotel food compared with ours; so we made for the landing.

The dinner proved to be just what was wanted, and I thoroughly appreciated the fact that this member of Parliament treated me exactly as if I was one of his regular guests instead of being an employee—I dined at his table and was encouraged to share in the general conversation.

Then our people strolled about the beach until sunset, at which time some of the ladies suggested that we proceed and enjoy the peculiar pleasures of an evening sail. Everybody finally decided that this was just the thing to do, though it meant keeping under way until near midnight; so we put to sea.

Maybe it was because of the complete confidence which all members of this party showed they had in me, a youth of eighteen; or because of the unbroken pleasure which was mine during this entire cruise (not all parties I took out sailing were entirely pleasant); whatever the reason may be, every incident of that delightful trip is, I believe, securely preserved in my memory—the full moon, so large and golden as it came up over the horizon in that very point of the compass toward which we were heading and sent out across the rippled waters a shimmering

silver path, as if to delimitate the liquid highway along which we were to pass; the soft, salt air coming in from the open ocean, caressing the cheek while swelling the white canvas that was pushing our craft so gently on its way; the songs (for it seemed to me then that all members of this group were accomplished singers); while the many questions asked regarding lighthouses, islands, points of land as well as the probable destination of such vessels as we chanced to sight way out on the sea, kept me fairly well occupied.

Finally we came to anchor at Mouse Island. The ladies then were given exclusive possession of the yacht's cabin; the big topsail tent was spread, supported by the boom; a tarpaulin, carried for that purpose, was unrolled upon the cockpit floor, and there the men, wrapped in their blankets and heartily enjoying the novelty of this experience, stretched out to rest until the morning. I, as I often did, slept in the mainsail, for a couple of stops, looped around the boom and holding fast a fold of sail about six feet long, made a very comfortable hammock; and, in view of the extremely courteous treatment accorded me by all, I had resolved to eliminate myself from this company as soon as we had come to anchor and give them complete

possession of the craft. In the morning, we breakfasted at the Samoset and then proceeded on our way.

I have given these details because they depict what may be considered a typical pleasure cruise by unpretending people forty years ago, when sail was the motive power and variable winds made it impossible to proceed exactly according to a predetermined schedule. Of course, dependence on uncertain breezes had its drawbacks in those days; but at least there was no noise and vibration of machinery to jar upon that matchless restfulness which comes from smooth sailing upon a summer sea. With light winds, there was the softly soothing motion through waters that seemed to caress the gliding hull, held stable by its lofty canvas—a motion of nature's own ocean cradle that brings pleasant daytime dreams. Even when the winds were high and double reefed in the sails, the rush of the heeling hull, the spray flung over the bow, the swerve up into the wind as spiteful squalls came dashing across the white caps, to force the lee rail down close to those tumbling waters, gave everyone a thrill that was the very essence of blood-quickenning enjoyment, like nothing to be found elsewhere.

Since then I have sailed on almost all kinds

of vessels, from a stern-wheel Ohio River steamer and an old-fashioned fighting monitor to palatial craft like our "President" boats and the magnificent *Leviathan*, which now leads the world; but when, a few years ago, I found myself on board the great schooner racing yacht *Uncas*, then owned by another Yarmouth boy and former schoolmate of mine, George Titcomb, at that time a successful attorney in Brooklyn, New York, and he had directed the captain to turn the wheel over to me (for Titcomb had been my mate several times during those yachting days), and I took charge of that racer when powerful blasts roaring out of the northwest made it necessary for the helmsman to be on tiptoe every second, easing his craft along with almost instinctive art (I noted how anxiously the captain kept watching me), I felt a quarter of a century blow away from me as the hissing spume came flying against my face, and for a most delightful hour I was again a young man matching my wits and strength against the limitless powers and trickeries of the elements, while triumphantly carrying my charges on their journey over that shifting highway of the sea. How real was the need for constant care along that coast, where headlands and deep inlets combine with numerous

islands to vary any strong breeze with sudden powerful puffs, was shown by the number of accidents which occurred to sailing craft those days; among them being the overturn of a sailboat in which the son of our beloved Professor Lee, of Bowdoin College, and his companion, lost their lives; another that of a yacht capsized and the proprietor of the Samoset Hotel, with all others on board, drowned within a few rods of his hotel landing.

That during all these years of sailing I escaped having accidents was due, not so much to any abnormal skill on my part as to the emphatic teachings that I received from Mr. Hitchcock, when he first let me take out one of his smaller sailboats. His instructions were, "Never make the main sheet fast. If I ever hear of your making the sheet fast while you are in one of my boats, you'll be through." As sailing a boat was my conception of what paradise might possibly be, I took no chances of losing my sailing privileges. When the big sloop was turned over to me, he gave this instruction: "In squally weather never set the outer jib and always have someone ready to let go the peak halyards." What he had in mind, of course, was that with only the forestaysail on, the craft would carry a strong weather helm and come up

into the wind very quickly, thus "spilling" some of the wind from the sails. The main sheet order continued in force. Only once was it necessary for me to obey his second instruction. I was coming up from Peak's Island with a heavy, squally wind blowing. Suddenly one of those "wirligig" squalls, swinging around the compass, struck the yacht broadside on. There wasn't a chance to bring her into the wind. There wasn't a chance to ease her with the helm. My old chum, George Titcomb, who, as a boy, sailed with his father, a ship captain, was my assistant that day. He was standing by the mast. He saw what was coming as soon as I did, and the wild yell that I let out as I hove over the wheel hadn't been completed before that peak halyard was coming down on the run. We shipped about a barrel of water and developed several screams from the ladies on board, but that was all. If it hadn't been for the firm instructions of Mr. Hitchcock, I venture to say that my yachting career would have ended then and there.

Too little wind can make a boat party as uncomfortable as too much wind, though in a radically different way. Anyone who has been out on the fishing grounds along about noontime when, along the Maine coast, the northerly

breeze of morning generally dies out and there follows a period of calm before the southerly wind begins to come in, and a long, greasy roll, left over by an easterly blow, is heaving, doesn't need to be told what I mean. With the boat pitching and swaying so sluggishly, making no progress, and the rays of a hot sun pouring over all, only those who have well-trained stomachs or who have been bred to the sea can escape that very uncomfortable sensation known as seasickness. It was an experience of one of the first fishing parties I ever took beyond the outer islands of Casco Bay—though in this case the wind had increased instead of living up to its established custom—that inspired one of the first literary productions by me that was honored by publication. It appeared in the *Portland Transcript*; and since it referred to a Yarmouth boat, a Yarmouth party and a Yarmouth skipper, I reproduce it here:

THE SAIL

Smoothly we slipped away
Out on the tranquil bay
While yet 'twas early day,
And the sky spotless;
Leaving our fears behind,
With hope in every mind,
Seeking but joy to find,
Careless and thoughtless.

Seldom, if e'er, you've seen,
Save upon Fancy's screen,
Such happiness, I ween,
As was upon us;
And we had laughed to see
With what anxiety
Friends came, repeatedly,
Trying to warn us.

So we had left the shore
Unthinking that before
We should approach it more
Grief would have met us;
Unthinking that our joy
Should know the stern alloy
Which doth so oft destroy
Our plans, and fret us.

Stronger the breezes blow,
And soon the whitescapes flow
Over the heaving blue
With snowy edges;
While louder swelled the roar,
Thundering along the shore
Where the heaped waters pour
On the Green Ledges.

Then why so silent grew
That lately merry crew?
What sprites upon us threw
Chill air distractive?
Causing the cheek to pale,
Causing the heart to fail,
Causing the vessel's rail
To grow attractive.

For first a gentle maid,
Seemingly half afraid
That the bright sun would fade
Her locks so golden,
Drew 'neath her shawl her head,
Looked toward the ocean's bed,
The rest was (as 'tis said)
"The story olden."

Soon others at the sea
Gazed most assiduously,
Breaking the monotony
This was entailing,
With sounds I can't define,
(Not that they were divine)
But there's no power of mine
Can word that walling.

Hence I will only say
That, at the close of day,
We boldly held our way
Up to the landing;
Where were our friends intent
To hear of the event,
How we the day had spent,
Of us demanding.

Then (can you think it true?)
Each member brightly drew
Pictures of "water blue,"
And joys seraphic;
"Green isles" and "summer seas,"
Kissed by the gentle breeze,
These drew, and only these,
In phrases graphic.

Among the pleasure craft which from time to
time I sailed for Mr. Hitchcock was the sloop

Maud, one of the fastest of her size in Casco Bay. It was one of my special delights, whenever the opportunity offered, to start her after a larger boat and then show those fellows what that Yarmouth craft could do. She was a keel vessel with wide washboards, and I could carry sail on her longer than could most of her competitors. Whenever there was a good stiff breeze blowing and almost any kind of a small sailing yacht in sight, I particularly enjoyed myself.

Mr. Hitchcock also had the centerboard sloop *Anxiety*, a craft chiefly remarkable for her unknown age. She wasn't fast, but she was roomy and reliable. The only anxiety I ever felt about her was caused by the fear that some part of her might let go at an inopportune time. But nothing of that kind ever happened so far as I know.

The spritsail craft, *Boss* and *Boss, Jr.*, each with one big sail, were among the best open boats that Mr. Hitchcock ever built. They rendered long and highly satisfactory service. The motor boat of to-day has entirely displaced such craft, but for lazy comfort those beamy boats could offer quite a lot that these "putt, putt, putt craft," by their very noise, exclude.

CHAPTER XII.



IN 1874 came the narrowing of the Grand Trunk railroad tracks to our standard American gauge. Unimportant from an international point of view as that event may seem to-day, the negotiations preceding it were the occasion of much excitement and a great deal of comment, not only in Jim Dennison's blacksmith shop but in James Parsons' store, where dignified citizens like Doctor Bates, L. L. Shaw and Barnabas Freeman often assembled for an evening's chat—there was no evening closing of stores in those days—and other local gathering places.

The matter of compelling the Grand Trunk Company to bring their track down to our gauge had been discussed for a long time. There was no question but what a uniform track was desirable, so that cars could be used interchangeably; the dispute was as to which gauge should prevail. It was argued by Canadian officials that their broader gauge assured greater stability and safety, while the opposition claimed that our gauge was the "happy medium." Of course, the question was bound to be settled amicably,

as it was, but Civil War feelings toward England in those days were very real. Yarmouth, like every shipping community, had suffered from the depredations of Confederate cruisers which had been built or equipped in England; and the *Alabama* award against that country in the sum of fifteen and a half million dollars for American shipping losses, shown to have resulted from such cruiser depredations, to say nothing of other losses—which were very real though they failed of sufficient legal proof to secure compensation—had, as our “home people” felt, proven a deliberate plan to drive our flag from the sea.

Civil War veterans were then in their prime. General Grant was President. There was much store talk of how his message to Congress, proposing acquirement of these *Alabama* claims by the government, had caused envoys of England to “jump out of bed” and start for this country “without stopping to dress,” and very drastic measures were suggested as likely to be taken by “Old U. S.” if England didn’t change those rails to suit our desires. “We boys” were much interested and looked forward hopefully to the time when General Grant would order his soldiers to begin ripping up those rails, but eventually we were disappointed.

However, excitement was so widespread that

it called for this sarcastic quip from the old *Eastern Argus*, leading Democratic newspaper of Maine: "Oh! yes, let us have another war! The old army overcoats are nearly all worn out; and how would a man look bringing a load of wood to town without one of them on?" — an incidental admission that the country boy was wearing his full share of the blue during those days when wearing it meant something serious.

In those days, no national campaign was possible without torchlight parades. Well-drilled companies, strikingly attractive to young people, in their flowing capes and imposing helmets, would assemble in any town where a speaker of national reputation was to be heard; and it was no unusual thing in our cities and larger towns for a thousand tossing torches to go surging down the street, with two or three brass bands interspersed, while carriages, carrying local politicians glowing proudly at this evidence of their effective work, escorted the coach in which the orator of the evening was being conveyed. Pedometers were then unknown to me, but if I could have had one, I believe the mileage I made following and circling and darting into these torch-lighted processions, totally indifferent as to the political creed which these smoky flames

were supposed to illuminate, would be a matter of astonishment to children of to-day.

Bands in Republican torchlight parades made a specialty of playing "Marching Through Georgia," while bands in rival parades were sure to utilize "Yankee Doodle," but I don't recall either of them playing the national anthem; possibly because it might have been mistaken for "God Save the Queen," and with the then feeling toward England in this section of the country no intelligent politician would have taken the chance of permitting his opponent to charge him with marching to the music of Britain's royal hymn.

Captain Joseph Gooding's two-masted schooner, *Ranger*, will be found among the cherished memories of all my schoolmates in the early seventies. I specially recall this craft, not only because I now and then borrowed her boat when no one was around to object, but because of her effort to terminate my career at its very beginning.

One day while this vessel was lying at the Gooding brick-yard wharf, I went aloft to help furl the main topsail, which, with other sails, had been loosed to dry. The tide was out and the craft was sitting balanced on her keel. Whether "a land breeze shook her shrouds," as

in the case of Kempenfelt's *Royal George*, or she just got tired of remaining in that one position, I don't know; but no sooner had I skipped down the outboard shrouds and jumped to the deck than the craft rolled away from the wharf and fell over on her bilge with a snap that made the topmast rigging sing. Had this movement occurred a few minutes sooner, I would have been thrown out on those flats; and just how far I would have gone, and how completely my neck would have been broken, is still a matter of uncertainty. But I certainly learned that day the value of taking a "weather" position when aloft.

I happened to be aboard the *Ranger* this day because Frank Oakes was preparing to begin his career as a shipmaster by going out in her as captain. This first voyage was to be merely a run to Boston, but he made the trip successfully and a few years later saw him master of a full-rigged ship.

His younger brother "Charlie" was in the cabin of this craft at the time she made her belated effort to fling me into the flats, and was thrown into an argument with the stove by this sudden lurch, but that merely accentuated his liking for ships. He was my predecessor as an assistant to Henry B. Hitchcock, painter and boat builder; became a workman for the

shipbuilding firm of Blanchard Brothers and then took to the sea in that humble capacity of "green hand." Rapidly he forged to the front.

In June, 1878, he joined the bark *S. R. Bouras* in New York and made a voyage "round the Horn" to Talcahuano, Tome and Valparaiso (ports of discharge), thence to Taltal, where the ship loaded nitrate for New York, arriving there in June, 1879.

About a week after leaving New York, he was promoted from ordinary seaman at \$11.00 a month to able seaman at \$13.00 a month, because he was able to put a sheepshank into the main royal sheet, which one of the A. B's. was unable to do when ordered by the mate. When between the Falkland Islands and the Horn, most of the ship's fresh water was lost through accident, and the crew was at once put on short allowance; and from then until they reached port, they surely knew what thirst meant.

Another boy and "Charlie" were required to attend prayers every Sunday morning after breakfast in the cabin. All went well until one day when there was a strong wind and a heavy head sea—the vessel made a terrific lurch, and the food, the dishes, the captain, armchair and all, shot across the cabin and fetched up with a bang. Services terminated abruptly; the boys

were at once excused, while the captain went on deck and gave the helmsman a left-handed blessing because he hadn't eased the wheel.

They were six weeks beating around Cape Horn, beset by heavy gales, tremendous seas, cold weather and thirst; and came to realize the true inwardness of that old saying about "going to sea for pleasure and to Hades for a pastime."

One beautiful night on the homeward passage, Charles had been at the wheel from 8.00 to 10.00 P. M., when he was relieved by a fellow who had spent that intervening time lying on the hen coop meditating. A few minutes after taking over the wheel, he yawned and opened his mouth so wide that he dislocated his jaw. Hearing a series of yells and roars, Oakes ran back and found the second mate trying to quiet that sailor by stuffing his cap into his mouth; but that only made him yell the louder. This commotion aroused and brought up the captain, who, after looking the sailor over, tied up his jaws with a bandanna, gave him a drink of whiskey and sent him to his bunk to rest till morning with his mouth wide open. As Oakes was from "down home," he was called into conference with the "old man," and they spent a good part of the night perusing "Dr. Chase,"

to inform themselves as to the proper procedure touching on and appertaining to cases of that sort, and after morning coffee they operated.

Under directions of the captain, Oakes wound a handkerchief around each of his thumbs, stuck them into the sailor's mouth, hooked his fingers firmly under his lower jaw, gave a combination pull and pry, which, with the pressure of the captain's thumbs from behind, did the trick—the jaw went back with a snap and the sailor's teeth closed like a vise on "Charlie's" thumbs. During the ensuing three months that man continued a member of the ship's crew, no one ever saw him yawn again.

One day a sailor went aft and reported to the captain that he was suffering with toothache. The "old man" told him that he was no dentist, but that the mate was an expert at it; so he called the mate, gave him the forceps and told him to go ahead with the job. The mate looked rather dubious at first, but ushered the sailor along to the main hatch, tied his hands behind him, laid him flat on his back, got astride his chest, and booked on to the tooth and pulled. The patient did some lively kicking and yelling, but the tooth came out. The mate was anxious to pull one or two more, but his kind offer was emphatically declined by the man.

Reminiscing one day, Captain Oakes remarked to me: "As I reflect, it seems that everything of interest on that voyage happened on a Sunday. On that day I was promoted; that was the day of the abbreviated divine service; on a Sunday morning we set the dislocated jaw and on a Sunday the tooth was pulled."

In August, 1879, Oakes joined the three skysail ship *S. C. Blanchard*, loading general cargo in New York for San Francisco, where she took wheat for Liverpool; thence in ballast to Cardiff, where she loaded coal for "Frisco" again. There she loaded another cargo of wheat and sailed for Antwerp. After rounding the Horn, and when in latitude 40° south, she encountered a terrific gale and was wrecked. Five days later, the crew was taken off the dismasted and water-logged hulk by a British ship and landed in South Africa. From there, Oakes worked his way to Boston, acting second mate on a Nova Scotia brig, and arrived back in his old home town after twenty-two months' absence, with (as he said) "loads of experience, a limited wardrobe and a bad limp."

As a greeting for this prodigal, his old "school-ma'am," Theresa Merrill, had knit for him a pair of stockings with red and white stripes, and these he treasured for many a day.

After six days at home, Oakes took steamer from Boston for Liverpool and Cardiff, where he shipped again as third mate of the Yarmouth ship *P. N. Blanchard*, and sailed on a voyage to Hong Kong, Oloilo and Boston, covering eighteen months. Entering Boston Harbor, the ship broke adrift from her towboat, was blown to sea and gone five days, during which period he froze his hands and came home with them both in slings. This accident laid him up until the following March, when he again joined the *Blanchard* in Norfolk, this time as second mate, on a voyage to Liverpool, Hong Kong, Manila and New York.

While in Hong Kong, where the ship lay three months waiting for a charter, Oakes was detailed to dry-dock, caulk, re-metal and re-rig the bark *Sarah E. Ridgeway*, which vessel had suffered heavy damage to hull and spars in a China Sea typhoon—a high compliment to this energetic Yarmouth boy.

When the *Blanchard* was ready for sea, Oakes rejoined her, came home, and made one more long voyage as second mate to the East Indies; then joined the ship *Governor Goodwin* as chief mate and made three voyages, of about a year each, to China and Japan. In May, 1890, he took charge as master of the *Goodwin* and sailed

in that capacity for six years, or until she was wrecked in the Indian Ocean.

In 1897, he took command of the ship *P. N. Blanchard* for a voyage to Java (where his daughter was born); then proceeded to Manila. There the *Blanchard* was lying, in company with two other American ships, when the Maine was blown up in Havana harbor. There was much shooting and disorder ashore. Everybody expected war, and all were looking to see the American fleet come tearing in. The United States Consul took Oakes to see the Captain General, who referred them to the Admiral, as the one having jurisdiction afloat. Admiral Montojo was a fine, courtly old gentleman, who received these Yarmouth people very nicely and said they would be allowed forty-eight hours' clearance after war was declared. Their ship was moored off the mouth of the Pasig River, near the Spanish cruiser *Reina Cristina*, while the rest of the Spanish fleet was lying at Cavite, near the arsenal. When the *Blanchard* was ready to leave, Oakes hoisted his biggest and brightest Stars and Stripes and, when passing the war ship, dipped the flag. The salute was returned in kind, but the Spanish officer on watch drew his sword and raised it above his head with a very dramatic gesture.

On arrival at Anjer, some few days later, they learned that the battle of Manila Bay had been fought and won. At St. Helena they learned of the destruction of the Spanish fleet off Santiago. His arrival at New York ended Captain Oakes' voyages under sail.

In May, 1899, he entered the service of the New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Company (Ward Line), and served as third, second and chief officer a little less than two years, when he was appointed to command the steamship *Cometa*. His subsequent commands were the steamships *Saratoga*, *Seguranca*, *Esperanza*, *Havana* and *Guantanamo*, which latter he fitted up in Europe and brought home.

In 1911, he became marine superintendent of this line, which position he held until the spring of 1924, when he retired to enjoy the fruits of his active and successful maritime life.

During the World War, his company operated a large fleet, a part of them being their own, some of foreign registry (chartered), and many allocated to them by the United States Shipping Board.

It was while he was marine superintendent of the New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Company that one of the most remarkable feats of promptly restoring to service a steamer,

wrecked during the World War, was accomplished by this Yarmouth boy. What practically every man in Halifax declared to be an impossibility, Captain Charles C. Oakes accomplished. This is the story:

One of the Ward Line steamers, *Matanzas*, had been taken over for duty as an army transport. She left Norfolk with a cargo of army stores, bound to Halifax, that she might there join a convoy proceeding to a French port. On the morning of December 22, 1917, she stranded on the rocks of Mars Head, twenty-eight miles southwest of Halifax harbor, a short distance from the spot where the steamship *America* was wrecked many years ago, with the loss of hundreds of lives. It was very cold—the shores were covered with snow and ice—the sea very rough and the winds blowing with terrific force most of the time. This was during the darkest period of the World War, when there was urgent need of ships at any cost. Accordingly a "no cure—no pay" contract was made with a wrecking concern and salvage operations started at once.

The ship's stern lay afloat, but the bow was hard and fast on the rocks; so anchors were laid out from the stern, and from the forward holds part of the cargo was jettisoned and

part discharged into lighters. The steamer was pulled off the rocks on January 2, 1918, leaving behind her eighty-eight feet of her bow, including the keel, keelson, sister keelsons, bilge keelsons, frames and shell plating, back to frame No. 44, and up to twenty-seven feet on the stem bar. The wreckers proceeded to tow her to Halifax, stern foremost, with the chain cables dragging behind to help keep her on her course, but when near Sambro Light, the chains caught on the rocks and "carried away," leaving five fathoms on one anchor and thirty fathoms of cable on the other.

After arrival at Halifax, the remainder of the cargo was discharged, and on February 27th she was put on the graving dock. Captain Oakes left for Halifax at once, and, after a survey, he decided to build a temporary wooden bow and to send her back to New York for permanent repairs. This was shortly after the terrific explosion of "T. N. T.," which had wrecked a part of the city, much of the shipping in the harbor, and when everything was in a chaotic condition. Every building in the dockyard had been blown flat, most of the machinery had been destroyed, and many of the workmen killed. The ruins and everything else in the yard were covered with snow and ice.



S. S. MATANZAS

Ship in graving dock, bow on, showing how steel bow
was torn away when she came off the rocks.

However, Captain Oakes and his men managed to dig out enough odd pieces of steel and angle iron to form a substitute.

The torn and ragged hull plating was cut away with acetylene burners; the combination keel and keelson put into place and secured; wooden frames of eight-inch by eight-inch spruce were installed and covered with three-inch spruce planking, over which was put three-ply sheathing felt and an outer skin of two-inch tongued and grooved spruce, which was utilized because they had neither men nor material with which to caulk the vessel. The broken beams were strapped and shored up with old steel railroad rails, fitted as best it could be done. Two wooden bulkheads were built; all joints filled with cement, and the wooden bow secured to the steel hull with fore and aft stringers and thwartship straps of heavy steel plate. The job was finished and the ship refloated on April 27th.

Then the thrifty nature of the Yankee asserted itself. Captain Oakes loaded her with lumber to help pay the expenses of the voyage, and he took it safely to New York, where, under her own steam, she arrived on May 8th, after a four days' voyage, which she made despite the croaking of many doubting

Thomasas, who learnedly prophesied that the wooden bow would wash to pieces and the ship sink the first time she found herself at sea.

At New York she was dry-docked and permanently repaired, re-entering the service practically as good as ever. These photographs speak for themselves.

When I was a boy, everybody in Yarmouth knew and loved Captain Richard Harding. He was a jolly man, one whose boyish spirits never changed. His had been a typical New England career. Born in Cape Cod, he took to the sea when the average boy of to-day is just entering grammar school. He loved the sea and apparently the sea loved him, for it always used him well. The owners he served quickly recognized his abilities; they put him in command at an age when most men are proud to be a mate. He won success wherever he went, and at fifty was able to retire a rich man.

Captain Harding loved the calling which had been so completely his life, and after retirement, though he, like other far-sighted men, saw the inevitable fate that must come to American shipping unless the national government awoke from its maritime lethargy and gave to our ships that aid which other nations had given and had utilized to drive our flag



9 9 MATANZAS

Showing the wooden bow, port side, work completed.

from the sea, nevertheless, cherishing the hope that there would be a re-awakening of America's sea spirit some time, and therefore anxious to do his part to keep our flag on the sea that we might have a real nucleus upon which to develop, when that longed-for time came, he encouraged those who still ventured to build ships in American yards by putting his own money into their craft; and the enrollments of Blanchard and Sargent ships showed Richard Harding as one of their regular owners. *Losses, of course, resulted from this devotion to Yarmouth's industry, but they never brought him discouragement. He was an optimist to the end.*

Naturally, when Captain Harding chose his life's companion, it was the daughter of a shipmaster, Captain Thomas B. Mitchell, that he wed—a lady of a most happy disposition. Many a time, peering over the tapestry which formed a screen between my organ-loft settee and the church pulpit, I have watched Captain Harding and his wife come tripping down the center aisle and remarked him as at the entrance to his pew he turned, with the graceful courtesy so natural to him, and bowed his wife and daughter, Nellie, and sometimes his son, Tom, into their family pew. Pollyanna had noth-

ing on Captain Richard Harding. The world always has need of men like him.

Another Yarmouth boy whose sea life began in the seventies is Captain Omar J., a son of Captain James Humphrey. Once wrecked off Cape Horn in the ship *Oracle*, and wrecked again when the ship *Ranier* was lost in the Pacific on one of those treacherous reefs in the Marshall group, he came through smiling every time. For some years he was associated with my friend, Captain "Jim" Gibson, in a stevedoring business on the West Coast, and at time of writing is master of the steamship *Fairchild City*, one of the United States Steel Corporation ships trading with the Orient. His account of that life among the cannibals which followed the wreck of the *Ranier* has become a classic, and it would be like inserting a chapter from *Robinson Crusoe* to retell that story here.





RICHARD HARDING.

CHAPTER XIII



NE of our "Number Nine" neighbors was Captain John Brown, and a log of his life gives a typical picture of the varied experiences which came to maritime men in those days, before steamers had established regular services to the great ports of the world, and when American ships were to be found searching every water of the globe for business.

Captain John was born August 2, 1842, on the farm at Brown's Point, where he still resides. He entered the navy on September 20, 1862, and served on the frigate *Sabine*, while she was cruising in the Atlantic searching for the Confederate raider *Alabama*. In February, 1863, he was transferred to the receiving ship *North Carolina* at Brooklyn navy yard, and in the following March, joined the gunboat *Florida* in the North Atlantic Blockade Squadron. On June 25th, he joined the gunboat *Zuane*, and when that craft was laid up in Baltimore for repairs, he was put in charge of her.

After the war, he returned to merchant service; was seaman in the West India service for

a short time; served on the Yarmouth-built brig *Giles Loring* and then as master of the brig *Ida C. Connery*, sailing to the Mediterranean and West India. His success caused his owners to build for him the brig *Jennie Phinney* in the shipyard of Giles Loring, and on July 27, 1874, he sailed in this handsome new craft for Montevideo, Uruguay, remaining in the South American trade until 1879.

In that year, he went across to Liverpool, taking charge of the ship *Alice D. Cooper*, when Captain John H. Humphrey was obliged to return home on account of ill health. He loaded at Cardiff, Wales, for Bombay, and from Bombay proceeded to Calcutta, taking a cargo of baled jute there for Falmouth, England. Arriving there on June 7th, he was ordered to Bremerhaven, Germany, for discharge. He sailed for Cardiff, Wales, on August 1, 1880, and loaded coal for Bombay. Arriving there on November 30, 1880, he discharged and loaded cotton for Havre, France. On the voyage, called at St. Helena for fresh vegetables and medicines. On July 30th he arrived at Havre, and on August 30th left the ship in charge of Captain John Humphrey and took passage for New York on the French steamer *St. Germaine*.

From 1882 to 1883, he was in the West India

trade in the *Jennie Phinney*, brig *Screamer*, *Elizabeth Winslow* and *H. B. Cleaves*. In May, 1892, he took charge of the bark *H. J. Libby*, of Portland, bound from New York to Brisbane, Australia, arriving there on September 14th. He loaded wool at Melbourne for Boston, calling at Barbados, British West Indies, on March 10, 1893, for provisions and medicines. He then sailed from Boston to Baltimore, arriving there on April 25th, where he loaded coal for Cartagena, United States of Colombia. From Cartagena he sailed on June 25th for Pensacola, Florida, to load lumber for New York, sailing from there on October 20, 1893, for Wellington, New Zealand, this voyage being enlivened by a collision with an Italian bark. Kept off for Barbados and remained there all winter, adjusting claims for damages and making repairs. On March 14, 1894, he proceeded from Barbados for Wellington, New Zealand, and on July 28th proceeded to Lyttelton. On August 30th sailed for Kaipara (North Island) to load lumber for Melbourne, and there loaded wool for Boston; arriving at Boston on April 8, 1895, after a passage of ninety-nine days, discharged cargo and returned home. Finally he retired from the sea to live on the farm where he was born.

Captain Frank Harding made his first sea voyage in the winter of 1873. A son of Captain Richard Harding, there was salt in his blood from the time he was born; and his career not only shows what a young man of energy could do in those days, but his first few years of service as a ship's officer give a typical picture of the widespread business in which the square-rigged ships of that era were engaged.

In June, 1874, he sailed on the ship *Lathley M. Rich* from New York to Japan. At that time, there were only eighteen miles of railway in the whole of Japan, a line running from Yokohama to Tokio, so this Yarmouth boy rode over every mile of railway there then was in Japan. It was that intuitive desire to learn actual conditions in the countries with which our people then were doing business, and where he perceived great commercial opportunities would develop, that led him to make this trip. It was but one of many illustrations of the way in which our shipmasters filled their minds with knowledge of national conditions that might be of use in the ocean commerce, to the handling of which they proposed to devote their lives.

From Yokohama, his ship went to Hong Kong, and there loaded not only general cargo but took on four hundred and fifty Chinese coolies to be

delivered in San Francisco. When the ship had discharged at that port she loaded wheat for Liverpool, and thrashed her way over the wearisome route around Cape Horn, up to that famous English port. Having discharged her cargo there, she, as then was and now is generally the case, found no cargo to bring home—the British always favoring their own ships—so was obliged to proceed in ballast to Baltimore. These voyages consumed some two years.

After having served as second and then as first officer on two other ships, young Harding proceeded to Cardiff, Wales, where he joined the ship *Alice D. Cooper*, serving as first mate on her under Captain John Brown, a veteran shipmaster of Yarmouth. The log of this voyage shows how varied were the courses sailed by our ships in those days when our merchant fleets were being driven from the seas. She loaded coal at Cardiff for Bombay, India. Arrived there, she discharged and loaded jute for Havre, France. There Captain Brown left the ship to return home, and the command was turned over to Captain John Humphrey, also a Yarmouth man, whom many of the present generation will pleasantly recall. The ship then proceeded to Cardiff, where she took another load of coal, this time for Rio de Janeiro. Her next port of call

was Calcutta, India. But while on this voyage, Captain Humphrey was taken sick, and his illness was so severe that it was necessary to land him at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, whence he could proceed by steamer to his home. Captain Harding was at once placed in command. He took the ship to Calcutta and there loaded cargo for Boston. The Orient always has been more liberal in supplying cargoes to American ships than has been Europe. Proceeding from Boston to Philadelphia, there he loaded his ship for Nagasaki and Hiogo, Japan. While at Hiogo, Captain Harding's first son was born on ship-board. Like the celebrated prima donna of Bath, Maine, Emma Eames, he was born under the American flag in spite of the location of the ship in foreign waters at that time, and the boy's middle name, "Kobe," is a constant reminder of the place where he first saw the light. Proceeding from Hiogo to Victoria, British Columbia, the ship finally secured a cargo of coal at Tacoma for San Francisco; she sailed to Nanaimo, Departure Bay, for coal, returning to San Francisco. There freights were found to be so low as to prohibit further operation of the ship at that time, and she was laid up for one year—then a frequent experience for American ships trying to make a living in our foreign trade, and

one more illustration of the kind of losses which finally drove even the strongest of American shipping firms out of the foreign trade of the United States.

After a year's idleness, the ship accepted a poor freight for Liverpool, taking the loss in the hope that there some paying cargo might be found. Salt was taken for Calcutta, where the ship remained on berth for four months—an expensive vacation for her owners—finally sailing for New York. This completed a voyage of four and one-half years, at the end of which time freight conditions were so discouraging that the ship was tied up and finally sold.

This practically concluded Captain Harding's experience as a commander of sailing vessels, although later, on account of his exceptional skill, he was sent to Bermuda, and there he re-rigged a ship which had been dismasted, bringing her in safety to New York under her own crippled power.

Realizing that the day of sailing vessels in the foreign trade was practically over, he, like Captain Charles Oakes, turned to steamships. He commanded vessels of the Maine Steamship Company, the *Savannah Line* and, later, the Red D Line, plying between New York and Venezuela. For some six years, he was in the

government service under the Treasury, War and Navy Departments, and during the Spanish American War had the United States Army hospital ship *Relief*, making voyages to Cuba, Porto Rico, New York to Manila, Philippines, Hong Kong, Honolulu and San Francisco, taking sick and wounded soldiers to the latter place; returning to the Philippines via Honolulu and Guam, then through those treacherous waters of the Sulu Archipelago and around the Philippine Islands, finally going to Taku on the Boxer Expedition, sending his launches and boats to within fifteen miles of Peking, picking up the sick and wounded and bringing them to his hospital ship; and finally he was in government service during the late war, when he commanded the Royal Dutch mail steamship *Nicherie*. He has been sent to England to buy and deliver yachts for men who wanted a master who knew what a vessel should be and how to handle one, and for one year he was in Scotland, superintending the construction of one of the largest pleasure vessels in the world. Now he spends a part of that leisure time which he so well earned on a steam yacht of his own—one more living proof of the fact that little old Yarmouth has been a prolific cradle of expert shipmasters.

The sole survivor of that group of men who in 1866 formed the old Yarmouth Brass Band is Joseph Raynes.

Born in New Gloucester on March 25, 1843, he came to Yarmouth as a boy in the fall of 1856. He became a workman in the repair shops of the Kennebec and Portland Railroad Company, and in 1863 got the war fever, and, being a minor, he ran away and enlisted for the navy at the Charlestown navy yard.

On June 16, 1863, he joined the South Atlantic Blockade Squadron, and on Monday, August 3rd, went on board the steam frigate *Wabash*—the same old wooden vessel to which the writer was assigned when he enlisted in the navy at that same navy yard, May 28, 1898.

On December 12th, he was transferred to the monitor *Nahant*, serving the remainder of his enlistment period as engineers' yeoman. He was in engagements at Morris Island and took part in the bombardment of Fort Sumter. He was discharged from the warship *Vermont* on August 15, 1864, and returned to Yarmouth, where he became and continues to be one of its most active and best beloved citizens.

Mr. Raynes has continued all his life an enthusiastic member of the Yarmouth Band, and in that perfect, never-changing handwrit-

ing of his, has kept and has the record of this band for sixty years. From his records, I learned the names of those men who constituted this organization when it achieved its great triumph at the Maranacook tournament, Tuesday, July 5, 1881. Numbering but eighteen pieces, the popular voice awarded them first place, though two of the larger organizations were preferred by the judges, and the third cash prize was given to our Yarmouth boys.

This was the make-up of the band on that memorable day:

Professor Enos Albert Blanchard, director.
Edward Raynes, first E-flat cornet and leader.
Oscar A. Mitchell, second E-flat cornet.
Albert F. Wyman, solo B-flat cornet.
A. Howard Buxton, first B-flat cornet.
Wm. L. Loring, second B-flat cornet.
Charles E. Stoddard, third B-flat cornet.
John Hamann, solo B-flat clarinet.
Joseph Raynes, solo E-flat alto.
Monroe Stoddard, second E-flat alto.
Albert Grant, third E-flat alto.
Charles L. Blake, first B-flat tenor.
Nicholas Grant, Jr., second B-flat tenor.
Henry D. Hackett, baritone.
John S. Greely, B-flat bass.
Augustus Hall Humphrey, first E-flat bass.
Herbert Grant, bass drum.
George Burt Stone, snare drum.
Presbury L. Dennison, cymbals.

Their leading selection was the "Rip Van Winkle Overture," and it received by far the greatest applause that was given any of the bands that day.



CHAPTER XIV.



WHILE Yarmouth, with its acknowledged wealth and business prosperity, was as thoroughly up-to-date in the early seventies as any other town of its size in Maine, yet it, like others, was without public utilities and commercial conveniences that the present generation have come to consider almost indispensable.

There were no street lights. Dark nights the more cautious citizens carried lanterns while traveling along the streets, but most of the time our people made their way about evenings without such artificial aids. Tramps had not become a recognized constituent of this nation's population, and, although we had only recently concluded a great war, the word "yeggman," as well as the kind of individual described by that word, was then unknown, so nobody was "afraid to go home in the dark."

There was no municipal water system. People depended on cisterns and wells, with very satisfactory results. A properly protected cistern was a first-class asset to any house; it

meant "soft water" all the time, and even women of to-day know what that means.

Of course, there were no telephones; and if a Yarmouth citizen then wanted to see a street car the nearest point where he could find one was in Portland. There he could behold a "dinky" little horse-drawn vehicle teetersing its way back and forth through the city. But it was as good as most other cities possessed, and the first time my mother took me for a ride in one I felt an exaltation of spirits not easily described.

There then were no fruit stores in town, though some grocers now and then provided for the public's delectation a few oranges and a hunch of red bananas (I don't recall seeing a yellow banana until years later); this limited stock being reinforced just before the Fourth of July with pineapples and cocoanuts. But finally a Portland fruit vendor established a weekly street service for Yarmouth and came to do a very prosperous business with its citizens.

Shoe shining "parlors" were still in the future.

No delivery wagons then attended to the housewife's grocery needs. "Going to the store" was almost a regular part of the day's programme; and what people bought, their own hands carried away. In the case of a bulky

article, like a barrel of flour (and flour then came either in whole or half barrels, paper flour bags being still in the future), the average mechanic took it home on a wheelbarrow, while the grocer, for a consideration, saw to it that transportation was provided in cases where the purchaser had no wagon or was too proud to be seen pushing "an Irishman's coach."

As so many citizens kept cows, Amos Greenleaf easily furnished the town with all the milk required by such citizens as had no home supply, a one-horse outfit being ample for the needs of his business. The possibilities of pumps and pasteurization were then unknown.

Icemen did not appear on Yarmouth streets until near the eighties; but small quantities of ice were cut and stored, largely for individual use.

Coal had won approval as fuel in those clustered portions of the town known as the "Falls" and the "Corner." Elsewhere in town it was winning converts, though the cheap fuel to be secured from the shipyards and Craig's saw-mill kept wood-burning stoves very numerous. At that time, Yarmouth's coal was chiefly furnished by Captain Stephen Harris, who each year had his schooner bring in a cargo of this fuel, which was unloaded upon Union Wharf.

Town teamsters delivered it to such as desired. The prices ranged from \$5.00 to \$5.50 per ton delivered. Then boys were employed at the mine breakers to pick out slate and other rock from the coal before it was sent to market. As a result, a clean ash was about all the refuse that came from Yarmouth coal stoves in the seventies. Judging from the results achieved by some of the \$18.00 per ton solids that I have tried to burn since the World War, the "breaker boys" now must be employed to throw in slate and rocks instead of to pick them out; and the thing that puzzles me most is where in the world they can find such an endless supply of such refuse to send us. They must be very capable boys.

Then Yarmouth had no public library—a real lack. Personally, I eventually escaped the major portion of that handicap; for my mother, noting my persistent reading and realizing that the dime and half-dime novels, some of which I inadvertently permitted her to discover on or about my person, were not literature calculated to create any overwhelming desire on my part to become a clergyman, arranged with Mr. Freeman for me to have access to the North Yarmouth Academy library; and under her guidance I became acquainted with standard

authors. Mr. L. R. Cook had a well-selected library of his own. With his assistance, I attained knowledge of more modern writers.

Drug stores then were not variety lunch rooms. Elbridge Thoits had established one of orthodox type at the "Corner," just above the Grand Trunk crossing, and he was succeeded by his son, George, who likewise maintained the best traditions of this particular line of business; but the "Falls" had no pharmacist during this period until M. C. Merrill located there in the rather pretentious two and one-half story building which is still standing on its original site, just north of where Main and Lafayette Streets blend. The standard sign of a gilded mortar and pestle, fixed protrudingly above the entrance to his store, truthfully announced the business really done there. Later, L. R. Cook opened up an attractive store of the same character at the "Corner," that settlement now officially designated as "Yarmouthville"; but he, too, devoted most of his attention to pharmaceutical things.

Thus it happened that "Uncle Bob" Cleaves was the highly popular "Corner" citizen who saw to it that those who hungered for frozen dainties could get ice cream. And such ice cream! Apparently "Uncle Boh" never had

heard of cornstarch or gelatine as a substitute for the choicest lacteal output of a well-bred cow. Neither did he nor the milkman have a separator so wonderfully adjusted that it was necessary to tag what, according to printed instructions sent with each separator, was, mechanically speaking, cream, lest one should get mixed as to the identity of fluids found to be on hand after this milk had undergone centrifugal treatment. The cream Cleaves used was a cream skimmed from the surface of milk that had been "set" in pans for hours—a thick, yellow mass that kept its original richness—supplemented by eggs and sugar, all properly flavored, the custard being prepared by his wife, who certainly was an artist in that particular line. He certainly gave his patrons "the real thing," and he won the love of all of us young people, even of those who, like myself, seldom were in a state of affluence which justified a business call at his place. That my memory has not idealized his wares is shown by the fact that even now, when I happen to be at the homes of "gentlemen farmers," where cream from the estate's own herds is available, I find that, as soon as I taste that perfected ice, there flashes before my eyes an image of "Uncle Bob"

Cleaves and the delicious confections which his honest art produced for so many years.

The opening of an industrial day in Yarmouth used to be announced by an outburst of "fire alarm" strokes from the cotton mill's bell at 5.00 A. M., local time. While this notification had no direct control over the movements of any citizens save those who were employed in this manufacturing plant, nevertheless, during the milder portions of our year, it meant "up-getting" for most residents within sound of this announcer.

Thirty minutes after its first call, the bell began a series of double strokes, which meant that any employee who wasn't at the breakfast table then was neglectful of his own best interests. Fifteen minutes later, the final call came, and streets leading to the mill began to show the animation of men, women and children, all proceeding to that stronghold of the bell.

In those days, most men owned the houses which they occupied, and such houses generally had a large garden annexed. Such gardens were regularly cultivated, and during spring or summer months, employees on their way to the cotton mill saw carpenters and other workmen, whose regular employment did not call for their presence "on the job" until 7.00 o'clock, out

in their gardens putting in an hour's work before breakfast time; for, while ten hours constituted the legal day, that industrious spirit which made New England the thrifty country that it was caused most men to feel that between sunrise and sunset a man ought to be engaged in some productive work.

At 7.00 o'clock came that raucous blast from the pulp mill's steam whistle, and as a rule it found all shipyard mechanics with their tool boxes at the spot where they were to resume their labors; for those workmen were not afraid of doing too much for their pay. They took a personal pride in their own efficiency. Each wanted to establish and keep a reputation as a workman who produced results. While the old system of having a planking gang for either side of the ship, each crew striving to finish his side ahead of the other, had passed away, when it came to "faying" knees, or laying decks, there still was a good-natured rivalry, both as to quality and quantity of work done.

One of the perquisites allowed a shipyard worker was the privilege of carrying with him, each time he left the yard to go home, an armful of such waste wood as had been hewn from planks or other timbers, and during the milder

months this wood supplied all the cook-stove needs of a workman's house.

"Long-legged" boots were generally worn by those artisans, and, therefore, almost every kitchen was equipped with a "bootjack," a short piece of board with its outer end elevated by a cross block and provided with a V-shaped opening, into which the heel of a boot could be thrust and pulled from the foot, the proprietor of that boot holding the jack in place by resting his other foot upon the board itself. While such was the real purpose of this simple, but very handy contrivance, the humorists of those days regularly gave the impression that it was specially devised for the purpose of being thrown at cats who were attempting to continue their immemorial practice of indulging in ntimely concerts at inappropriate hours.

On New Year's day, 1875, the big "Lawrence" store, near the entrance to Blanchard's shipyard, was burned. At that time, it was occupied by Richards & Seabury, who had moved into it from the "Baker" store, at the lower bridge, in order to enlarge their business and also to get clear of a building which was becoming shaky. It was the biggest fire that occurred in Yarmouth during the period covered by these reminiscences.



WILLIAM N. RICHARDS

William Richards, Sr., member of the firm of Richards & Seabury, had come to Yarmouth in 1866, and the remainder of his life was a merchant there. After the fire, he temporarily returned to the old "Bridge" store, but in the summer resumed business in the brick store now occupied by W. H. Rowe, having Charles Corliss for a partner.

In 1881, he bought the Thaxter Gooding store, on Main Street, and ended his active business life there.

His eldest daughter became the wife of Captain Howard Loring. His youngest daughter, Gertrude, was a member of the class of '81, of which class "Charlie" Carswell and I had the privilege of being the only "sterner" sex representatives. The other members of this class were Hattie Williams, Eliza Curtis, Alice Stubbs, Georgia Taher, Clarabelle Sargent, Jennie Kenney, Hattie Mayberry, Addie Loring, Nellie Doran, Ellen Larrabee, Lucy Stoddard, Anna Gooding and Hattie Poole.

In 1879, the little Catholic chapel was built at the "Corner," that section of the town then just beginning to get accustomed to being called "Yarmouthville," and was dedicated on July 27th. It was quite an event for us young people. From that humble beginning has come

the beautiful stone church building, which now attracts such deserved attention from all who pass along that part of Yarmouthville's main street.

In 1881, the old Red Bridge (just below the Grand Trunk Railroad Bridge), which had been lifted from its foundations by a freshet, was replaced by the present iron structure, and thus disappeared a landmark which many of Yarmouth's young people of those years will recall as a favorite spot to which couples just venturing upon love-making days used to resort, and, leaning over its convenient "boxed" sides, watch the moonlight shimmering on the river's smooth surface, while chatting of everything except the one thought that was uppermost in both their hearts, as they dreamed of a fancied future in which they alone seemed to form the principal part.

At this late day, I feel I am betraying no secrets when I say that it was shortly after our astronomy class had been taken to this bridge one evening by E. R. Goodwin, then the principal of our high school, that the engagement of Miss Emma R. Sargent, his assistant in the school, to him was announced. There wasn't any moon that evening, but it was a perfect starlight night (theoretically just the night for

making stellar observations), and the mystic charm of the river must have proved just as irresistible then as on so many other occasions. I am quite sure our teachers found it so.

In 1881, the Yarmouthville post office was established, to the great delight of all "Corner" citizens, who theretofore had been compelled to go to the "Falls" for their mail, and a year later the present post office building was erected.

And now, having reached what may reasonably be considered the final subdivision of what was left of that old North Yarmouth after four separate towns had been carved from it, it may be interesting to take a passing glance at the ancient English settlement that suggested the name which was officially given to our attractive Maine town when first it became of noticeable importance.

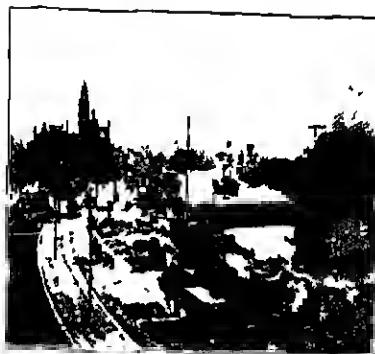
That Yarmouth, from which our home town takes its name, is one of the most ancient to be found on England's eastern coast; and it is easy for any of us, visiting there, to understand how its historic name happened to be given to this early settlement within the District of Maine.

Just as our Yarmouth has its Royall's River, flowing through and completely dividing its territory, but with the more thickly settled portion of the town assembled along a single bank, so

England's Yarmouth, enjoying the honorable prefix "Great" ever since King Henry III so designated it in the royal charter which he granted this municipality in 1272, is crossed by the River Yare, which, like Royall's stream, divides the old town's territory and has a major portion of its populous settlement upon one bank. In each case, an arm of the sea, pushing inland to receive those river waters within the town's boundaries, furnishes vessels engaged in the commerce of these ports a direct highway to and from the ocean.

As islands with somewhat extensive flats make the immediate approach to our Yarmouth's snug harbor difficult, so a network of sand banks lying off Great Yarmouth's coast make navigation into and out of that English port perilous for sailing craft, particularly in heavy weather—but, of course, the sand banks skulking along the edge of this coast bear no resemblance to those beautiful islands which gem the waters of Casco Bay; nor are there any outlying groups to serve as natural breakwaters for inner reaches along which vessels may pass while proceeding to and from port, such as abound along this part of Maine's attractive coast.

It is interesting to note that it was at Great Yarmouth, in 1808, after years and years of ter-



GREAT YARMOUTH, ENGLAND

rifying shipwrecks had been climaxed by the loss off this port of the British warships *Invincible* and *Snipe*, with all on board, that Captain Manby, who had been an eyewitness of these last disasters and seen how futile were the noblest efforts of life-savers to render any assistance, by means of boats, to vessels breaking up and drowning their people so near safe land, conceived the plan of employing a ball, shot from a small mortar, to carry a rope from shore to craft perishing beyond that stretch of impassable seas created between these sand banks and the mainland by every gale sweeping across the channel; and the rocket gun now carried on ships and kept at all life-saving stations for the purpose of establishing a rescue connection between those who cannot otherwise be reached and those who can bring them succor is but a development of this same Yarmouth idea.

Readers of Dickens will recall that it was upon Yarmouth's sands that David Copperfield and "little Emily" played; that there Peggotty had his wonderful house made from an overturned fishing boat which had ceased to be useful at sea; and it was a typical gale, with its resistless battalions of angry waves, that Dickens, who used to make long visits to Yarmouth, described when, in the midst of that storm,

simple-hearted but nobly-heroic Ham, unable longer to endure the sight of men on that wave-swept wreck, dying before his eyes, twice plunged into the boiling surf to swim with a life-line to that splintering hulk which, just as he finally neared it, was crushed into broken planks and timbers, that mercilessly ground out his life as racing waves carried his body and that of Steerforth, who had done him such wrong, back to the beach, where hundreds had awaited the end of this tragedy so fearfully enacted before their straining eyes to the numbing thunder of that storm's awful voice. In this same volume, Dickens pictures those streets along the water front where were the smell of tar, the noise of shipwrights, the sight of sailors—local features which were common along our Yarmouth's water front in the days to which these reminiscences refer.

It was at Great Yarmouth that Nelson, who was born in the county of which that town forms a part, landed and attended Thanksgiving services at St. Nicholas' church, after winning the battle of the Nile. Yarmouth gave its support to Cromwell, and here some of the leaders in that great revolution met to consider what should be the fate of King Charles, whose forces they had overthrown.

In Saxon times, Great Yarmouth was little more than a cluster of fishermen's huts set upon a little sandy island at the mouth of the River Yare; but as knowledge spread that in the waters off this port an abundance of valuable food fish was to be found, this neighborhood became the resort of a great number of fishing men, not only from around England, but also from France and Holland.

Located at the mouth of the river which, in those days of small vessels, furnished easy access for marine raiders to the prosperous inland city of Norwich, Yarmouth was early recognized as having strategic value; and in 1284, or only twelve years after Henry III had officially pronounced the town "Great," ambitious fortifications were begun—and completed in a little more than one hundred years. Sixteen frowning towers of stone, heavily armed according to the ideas of those days, and ten gates for the facilitation of commerce, formed outstanding features in this military work of such importance to the town and the great territory to be reached from its water highway.

How Yarmouth's shipping flourished in those famous days is indicated by the fact that in the reign of Edward III this town is said to have furnished more vessels and men for the siege of

Calais than any other English port, London not excepted. Yarmouth seamen had been specially commended by the King for their efficient gallantry in the sea fight off Sluys.

Royalty has often visited this old town, and twice during the period covered by these reminiscences, King Edward VII was its guest; once in 1872, and again in 1882, when the town's new municipal buildings were formally dedicated.

From the little fisherman hamlet of a thousand years ago, Yarmouth has become one of England's great watering places, with a permanent population of nearly sixty thousand. Fishing is its greatest industry, fleets of steam trawlers going out from this port; but naturally boat-building and net-making occupy important places in this town's industries, which have been modified with passing years, but still have retained associations with the sea.



JAMES KOTZWELL

APRIL AND AMELIA

ETHEL M. DAVIS

HUTCHINS & STUBBS YARD AND LORING YARD IN BACKGROUND

CHAPTER XV.



IN reviewing the threescore years that now lie behind me, one can but note how shipping always has been the dominating feature throughout that career. It began in childhood.

All Yarmouth boys and girls of the seventies know how often school was "dismissed," that pupils might be permitted to witness ship launchings, which events were so delightfully frequent in those days. We children could hardly think of a life in which ships and shipbuilding had no part. They were the subjects of home conversations; they appealed to the imagination of our young men. Why, then there were plenty of boys in our town who could sail a boat as well as the average man!

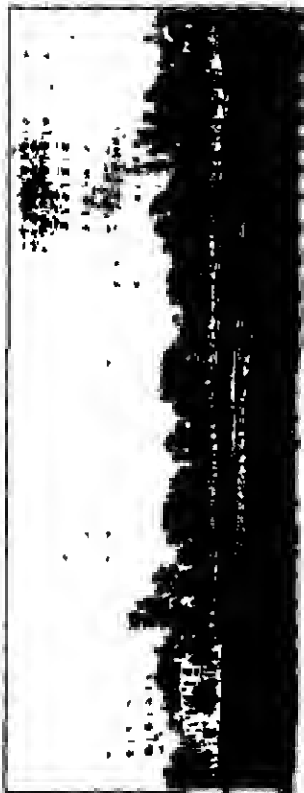
The first independent employment I ever had was in one of these shipyards, when I was hired to saw into required lengths the long treenails ("trunnels" we called them), of which a large supply had been received by Hutchins & Stuhbs. I particularly recall how, after I had purchased a new backsaw blade to complete my equipment for this undertaking, Mr. Henry Hutchins came

along and, noting the difficulties I appeared to be having, showed me that I should reverse the blade so that the teeth would "bite" on the down stroke, thus enlightening me in the first principles of successful wood sawing.

My first real contract was that of sawing off treenail heads from the planking of a brig which Master Giles Loring was completing, and wedging those pins so that they would be water-tight and have a firm grip on the wood. It proved to be very hard work for a boy of fifteen; but though the second day at this job found me with a tightly-bandaged and aching wrist, I had acquired "the knack," and I can still feel the thrill of pride which was mine when "gruff old Master Giles" (kindly gentleman as I now know him to have been) complimented my work with the words, "You've done as well as a man."

Steam-box tending, plugging decks, salting, and clearing chips from the holds of vessels ready for launching were among the vacation jobs available for Yarmouth boys in those days.

It was a Yarmouth man, George Woods, for some years president of Pittsburgh College, who at the time of my graduation from Bowdoin, in 1887, took me with him to that great steel city; but there I soon became homesick for the salt air I always had known and, some articles which



BOWDOIN COLLEGE CAMPS, 1887
Sketched and painted by Mrs. R. C. Plummer.

I had written for New England papers having attracted the attention of a Bath, Maine, editor, I returned to the old "Pine Tree" State and began newspaper work in that "City of Ships," where ever since has been my home.

At the time of my arrival in this port, Bath ships were well known in all the great seaports of the world. The Bath Board of Trade then was in effect a shipping organization; its problems were those of the American Merchant Marine and its leading members were not only veteran shipbuilders, but ship operators and shipmasters whose experience covered all the water highways of the world. The problem of our Merchant Marine especially appealed to me, as for generations my people had been identified with ships. A year after settling in Bath I became secretary of that Board of Trade.

At this time there reappeared indications that the government proposed to restore our flag to its rightful place on the sea; and the firm of E. & A. Sewall, whose yard had been established in 1823, began building that fleet of magnificent "square-riggers" which received the historic names *Rappahannock*, *Rosnoke*, *Shenandoah* and *Susquehanna*. When the first named of these vessels was being begun, in 1889, President Benjamin Harrison and Secretary of the

Navy Tracy visited Bath, and the President took occasion to walk along the keel of this craft which was to bear the name of that other famous *Rappahannock* which was built in this same yard during the administration of President Harrison's father.

Meantime the late General Thomas W. Hyde had taken over the Goss Marine Iron Works and converted it into the first steel shipbuilding plant to be established in Maine. Here the gunboats *Castine* and *Machias* were completed in 1891-92.

In 1892, I prepared for the Board that draft of a bill which the late Senator William P. Frye succeeded in having enacted into law, which legislation brought into existence the "American Line"—the line that put into our transatlantic service the *New York*, *Paris*, *St. Louis* and *St. Paul*, then the finest ocean-going passenger ships in the world.

That same year (1892) I was sent to Europe and investigated shipping problems, not only in British yards, but also at the British Board of Trade rooms in London, thus acquiring a fund of information which I have found very useful in succeeding years.

Shortly after my return from England, the Sewalls (Arthur, Samuel S. and William D.)



RESIDENCE OF EDWARD C. PLUMMER,
BATH, MAINE

determined to change their long-established "wooden yard" into one for the construction of steel craft; and in 1894 they launched the *Dirigo*, the first full-rigged sailing ship of steel to be built in the United States. The *Dirigo* was followed by many others, built for this firm or for the Standard Oil Corporation; and with the Bath Iron Works engaging in the construction of merchant ships as well as ocean-going yachts and naval vessels, this city became a place where modern shipbuilding dominated every feature of its life, and one might here learn the details of every class of ship construction, as well as the practical problems to be solved in foreign as well as coastwise operation of ships.

Thus I came to evolve that plan for reviving American shipping which I presented to the State Board of Trade in 1898, which plan the Board approved and, with the address which I made when presenting it, printed in pamphlet form for national distribution.

It was as an officer in the Navy that I served during the Spanish War, enlisting, as it chanced, on the same frigate, then a receiving ship, where our fellow townsman, Joseph Raynes, had served during the Civil War.

No sooner had the Spanish War closed and I

settled down to the practice of admiralty law than groups of American shipping men in the Atlantic and Gulf States formed the Atlantic Carriers' Association, with Fields S. Pendleton, of New York, president, and Eleazer W. Clark, of the old Portland firm of J. S. Winslow & Company, treasurer. For twenty-one years I served as attorney and Washington representative of this organization, resigning from that position in 1921, to become a Commissioner of the United States Shipping Board. In 1923, I was made Vice-Chairman of the Board; and in 1924 was re-appointed and confirmed in that office for a term of six years.

The law creating the present Shipping Board of seven Commissioners, so distributed as to represent every large section of the country—the North Atlantic, South Atlantic, Gulf, South Pacific, North Pacific, Great Lakes and the Interior—was signed by President Wilson on June 5, 1920. Warren G. Harding was a member of the Senate Commerce Committee which put this statute into its final form. One of his first duties after becoming President on March 4, 1921, was to select the Commissioners for this Board. As attorney for the Atlantic Carriers' Association, I had repeatedly appeared before the Senate's Commerce Committee and had



EDWARD C. PLUMMER WHEN A PAYMASTER
IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY

noted the interest which this Senator from Ohio took in our Merchant Marine problems. Thus he had become acquainted with me.

One of the provisions appearing in the Act of 1920 was that extending our coastwise laws to the Philippines—limiting commerce between the United States and those islands to American vessels. As attorney for the Atlantic Carriers' Association, I had prepared, and Senators Eugene Hale and William P. Frye had succeeded in causing to be enacted into law, such a bill. But, as I am convinced, the subtle powers of foreign influences soon made themselves felt. First had come one postponement of the date on which this law should have taken effect; then had come another postponement; and finally, in 1909, the act itself had been repealed.

It was this coastwise provision of the law that President Harding discussed with the Board just before he started on that fatal trip to Alaska. The occasion was a dinner given June 15, 1923, at the Hamilton Hotel, Washington, to our retiring Chairman, Albert D. Lasker. The President was the special guest of honor. Two rooms had been transformed into veritable floral bowers. The walls and ceilings were completely covered by rambler roses, with hangings of wisteria. If we had known that this was to

be the last time we should enjoy the privilege of being with this lovable American gentleman and always courteous Executive, we could have done nothing additional to make the place more delightfully attractive or the event more memorable for us all.

The President entered fully into the spirit of the occasion. Formalities were laid aside. Cares of state were by him temporarily forgotten. Reminiscences dominated the conversation. Then, after the dinner's close and the taking of that flashlight photograph here reproduced, I incidentally introduced the old subject of extending our coastwise laws to the Philippines, giving reasons why, as it appeared to me, the law now should become effective. Other Commissioners joined in discussing the subject, and I became satisfied that, after he returned from Alaska, President Harding would put this part of the act, the enforcement of which was conditioned upon the issuing of a required proclamation, into effect. Had he lived to do this, there would have been provided permanent employment for a fleet of some fifty American merchant vessels in that trade alone.

President Harding had, I believe, come to understand that, aside from efforts which any competitor is bound to make to prevent another



STANDING—Frederick Thompson, Alabama; Ralph I. Sollett, Assistant to Chairman; Meyer Lissner, California; Edward C. Plattner, Maine; Admiral W. S. Benson, Georgia; T. V. O'Connor, New York; Edward P. Farley, Temporary Chairman.

SITTING—Ex-Senator George Chamberlain, Oregon; President Harding; Albert D. Lasker, Chairman.

from sharing in any part of that business which he has come to consider his own, the most powerful opponent of an American Merchant Marine is to be found in those international bankers who assume that it is their right as well as duty to "stabilize" the world's commercial life; who feel that the United States has far more than its fair share of prosperity; who hold that the great natural resources of this country will enable it to flourish without taking from Europe any of that ocean-carrying business which is absolutely essential to Great Britain's industrial strength; and who claim, therefore, that we ought to let our competitors carry our international cargoes, to the end that such competitors may take from us a part of our superabundant wealth.

For the purpose of not revealing the weak points in their proposition, these gentlemen ignore the fact that manufacturing has become this nation's commercial base upon which our high wages rest; that only foreign markets can enable us to dispose of our surplus products, and that such markets can be developed and retained only through the aid of American ships. These gentlemen also conceal the fact that we are not seeking to enter the world's general carrying trade, but only, as Congress has so

emphatically declared, desire to have enough shipping to handle one-half of the cargoes going out of or coming into the United States, thus assuring fair treatment for the other half which they may carry. Likewise, they completely fail to proclaim the fact that they are large holders of foreign securities, the market value of which is improved by any added source of revenue acquired by the people issuing such obligations. And they absolutely overlook those abundant records of discriminations by these foreigners against our trade and our ships, which discriminations have been repeatedly exposed and stand out so clearly in the Congressional Report of 1914.

Thus the public is misled as to its vital interest in American shipping.

Being the Commissioner in charge of traffic has necessitated trips to foreign ports, and I can but compare the comforts of ocean travel as it is to-day with those to be found when I first went abroad. My first voyage across the Atlantic was in a steamship fully equipped with sails to enable her to proceed if her one engine should break down. There then were only the first-class and steerage accommodations. Cabins were small—a modest lounge for all and

a smoking room for men were the facilities to be found for social gatherings.

When we started on a voyage to Europe in those old days, it meant that for more than a week we would be cut off from all connection with the rest of the world. We then would be in a little world of our own, where no word could reach us, from which we could send no word. Our first act on reaching port then was to ask for news—to begin catching up with events.

This year I traveled on one of our ships which, under special authorization given to us by Congress, had been reconditioned with the one aim of making her the finest vessel the world ever had known. We made her that. She still holds that supreme position. She has no equal. When we say that, the world knows we refer to the *Leviathan*.

The *Leviathan* is a vessel nearly one-fifth of a mile long. Her tonnage is three times that of the famous *Great Eastern*. Her crew alone numbers more than eleven hundred people. In the height of transatlantic travel, she has a total population of some forty-four hundred—the population of a big town. Her history makes clear why she will remain queen of the Atlantic for many years.

This ship was designed by the Germans to surpass anything afloat or then contemplated. She was to bear the name of the Fatherland—*Vaterland* was her name when taken over by the United States. Into her hull was put the finest material and the finest workmanship Germany had. She was heavily built—larger and stronger frames and scantlings were used in her construction than were used in any other merchant vessel. She draws forty-one feet of water or one and one-half feet more than any other merchant ship on the Atlantic. She was fitted with four propellers, driven by four engines, developing a total of one hundred thousand horsepower.

When we took over this ship to recondition, she was just as she was when her work of transporting troops ended. She had carried as high as sixteen thousand men, with all their equipment, on a single voyage. That had necessitated ripping out most of her staterooms and making her seven decks practically seven great camping grounds. We spent nearly ten million dollars changing that immense hull into a floating palace. Her social hall is nearly as large as the auditorium in any Yarmouth church. Her great Pompeian bathing pool, with its beautifully tiled walls, topped by marble columns,

can easily accommodate a score of swimmers at one time. Gymnasiums tempt the athletes in all three of her principal divisions of passengers. Four electric elevators ply between her seven decks for the convenience of her guests. Her main deck promenade has four and one-half laps to the mile, and massive plate-glass windows can enclose it all whenever storms arise. Her great storerooms supply every kind of fruit, game or other food that the most uncompromising epicure can ask. Besides the two imperial suites, designed originally for the accommodation of the Kaiser, each suite having a breakfast room, sitting room, three bedrooms, three baths and a private pantry, are other first-class suites, which even those who are only moderately well-to-do can occupy.

In one of these suites we had our beautifully furnished sitting room with an open coal grate (electrically operated), flanked upon either side by massive port lights. There we could breakfast and read the daily morning paper which, fully informed by radio, brought us the world's news just as if we were then at home. In the adjoining sleeping apartment were twin beds, most efficiently supplementing the luxurious davenport and easy chairs with which each room was supplied. In the bath room were

facilities for supplying hot or cold sea water, as well as fresh water, baths. From the radio office messages could be sent or received by telephone. Every evening movies entertained passengers in the great hall, whose vast panels still are decorated by those paintings of classical scenes with which German artists originally adorned the ship.

But for those whom solid comfort without exceptional luxuries contents, this ship also provides transportation. A large part of the forward section has been fitted up for the special accommodation of teachers and students, upon whom the expense of ocean travel in elaborate accommodations would bear heavily. This section has its own social hall, tea room, smoking room and gymnasium, with snug staterooms for which artificial ventilation insures an abundance of fresh air. It, too, has its own deck promenade, and the food provided is of the same quality as that served in the imperial suite. Travelers in this student section can accept transportation without feeling that sense of humiliation which might come if they were traveling in the cheapest class which is provided for on all other large ocean passenger ships.

The provisions made for the *Leviathan's* safe

navigation would startle any old-time Yarmouth shipmaster. This great craft has in her bridge force twelve men, each of whom is qualified and duly licensed to serve as captain of any ocean-going ship under the American flag. This means that at least four experts are always on bridge duty.

In addition to magnetic and gyro, or mechanical, compasses, this ship, like all the Shipping Board's passenger vessels, has a radio range finder—a receiving frame which can be turned until the volume of radio signals heard shows that this receiving device is pointing directly at the source of such radio sounds. It was one of these equipments which enabled our ship *President Roosevelt* to steam in such a straight line to the helpless British ship *Antinoe* last winter and, after four days' struggling in a hurricane that wrought such widespread havoc on the sea, save the crew of that sinking steamer.

By an ingenious device, any smoke or any undue increase in temperature in any part of the ship is immediately indicated on a sort of bridge telephone board and an alarm thus automatically given. All staterooms likewise have equipment to give independent warnings of fire. The ship's fire department, with its hose carriages, supplementing hose which is kept constantly

connected up and ready for use outside the cabin walls, can compare in skill with that of any city. Watchmen are constantly on duty and must register exactly as do watchmen in manufacturing plants so guarded.

The Germans did not fail to appreciate the full significance of the *Titanic* disaster and, with characteristic thoroughness, proceeded to eliminate every weakness which the sinking of that proud ship from collision with an iceberg had revealed. Wide-spaced double bottoms, creating in effect two strong hulls, one inside the other, and numerous bulkheads carried to the upper deck with bulkhead doors doubly controlled and instantly closing when the master touches a button, make this vessel what the Germans determined she should be—practically unsinkable. Furthermore, if half the engines of this ship should break down, or three of her four propellers be lost, a condition that of course could never arise, she still could proceed on her voyage at a higher rate of speed than could be made under first-class conditions by the steamers on which I traveled across the ocean in 1892. And she has a veritable fleet of lifeboats, with powerful radio-equipped motor boats to tow long strings of such craft accommodating forty-five hundred people, if the unthinkable should

happen and it should become necessary to withdraw from this steamer. It may here be said that the United States' requirements in matters of life-saving equipment are more rigid than those of any other nation. Complaint has been made repeatedly by shipping men that these requirements are unnecessarily severe and impose considerable burdens on American ships; but however that may be, there is the comforting fact that passengers on our ships know they are on the safest ships in the world.

The trial trip of the *Leviathan* was an event of national importance. Distinguished representatives of this nation's business and professional life, as well as of the government, were on board when this great ship was started on her preliminary trip to make certain that every injury possibly incurred during the stresses of war days had been discovered and abundantly remedied.

Four years of service have shown how successfully this great task of perfect reconditioning was done. To the "Leviathan Book," prepared for this initiatory voyage, I contributed the following sonnet, which appears beneath a reproduction of Worden Wood's painting of the ship:

Pride of that Empire whose ambitious mind
And tireless skill gave all to form a great
And fitting symbol of a mighty state
Whose own home-name to bear she was designed;
When ruthless War, with blood-hot madness blind,
Had slain Earth's peace, and flung this ship afar,
She found a home beneath the New World's star
And knew a flag whose folds to all mankind
Mean lofty power, with Justice over all.
Now, re-created for the arts of peace,
Supreme in splendor, won by Freedom's call,
She greets the world as war-time passions cease;
And as the summer sunbeams on her fall
She bids us all from care to find release.

To shipping men, both abroad and at home, who have complained to me that we have established such a high-class service on the ocean as to make it difficult for our competitors, while merely attempting to approach our standards of service, to earn any profits, my answer always is that such is just the kind of service American ships always have rendered, and I want to see the record maintained.

From the time this country was founded, our shipping standards have been of the highest. No sooner had the Pilgrims developed their Plymouth settlement to the point where they began building vessels than they established government regulation to insure first-class materials and first-class workmanship in all craft constructed there. The American Revolution

found our people producing the most efficient craft for privateers the world then knew; and the old frigate *Constitution* established a record for strength and speed which was unequalled during her day by the warships of any rival nation.

Our packet ships across the Atlantic were recognized queens of the sea; and they were followed by our generation of clippers, with which no sailing ships carrying another flag could compete. When Great Britain's famous sailing service from England to Australia was established, American-built vessels were purchased to make up that fleet.

When steam came, we built the Collins Line, whose ships at once established themselves as the "largest, fastest, and finest" steamships in the world. When government support of that line was withdrawn, because of those insistent controversies which were the beginning of struggles ending in the Civil War, the last ship built for this line, the *Adriatic*, was sold to British buyers; and for days after her arrival in England her new owners reaped a harvest by collecting one shilling a head from those thousands who sought the privilege of looking through this vessel, the magnificent lines and

luxuriously furnished cabins of which had won for her the title of "marvel of the sea."

It was an American firm that established the first line of twin-screw passenger steamers to ply across the Northern Ocean; and it was the *Great Northern*, a ship designed by Americans, built by Americans and sailed by Americans that, during those awful days when Europe was strangling in blood and every nerve was being strained to breaking in an effort to get our boys into the battle line before it should be too late, challenging the best that English, French and German shipwrights had produced, took and held and still holds the record for the quickest round trip ever made over the Atlantic Ocean.

That is our shipping history as it stands to-day. I want to see it repeated. I want the people of this nation to recognize, before the lesson shall have been taught them by hard experience, that upon merchant ships must much of the future industrial well-being of this nation depend; that by American ships only can the surplus products of American industry find and retain adequate markets abroad; that when such adequate markets fail those surplus products will dam the channel of our flowing prosperity and backwaters of depression invade areas now blessed with the fruits of constant

industry. And since he who commands the seas of the world commands the trade of the world, let our people impress upon their legislators that they must insure continued ability to build ships in this country and to keep upon the sea such fleets of merchant vessels as shall make certain to us prompt and proper transportation of this nation's ocean commerce, to the end that never again may we find the products and necessities of our people at the mercy of competitors who look with uneasy eyes upon our wonderful achievements and would shut us out from commercial fields which they once came to look upon as being for their cultivation alone.

Let the national hopes given to our Yarmouth leaders in 1869 be made a reality now, that the inspiring folds of our American flag may be found brightening every great world port to which the products of American brain and brawn may go. That is what the founders of this country fought for and achieved. Must the descendants of those strong men always continue to act as if they were but a feeble minority?

